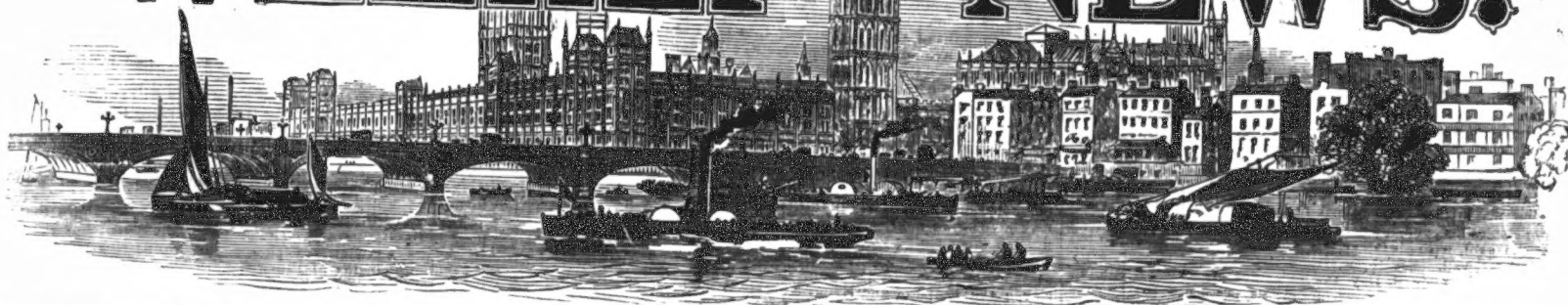


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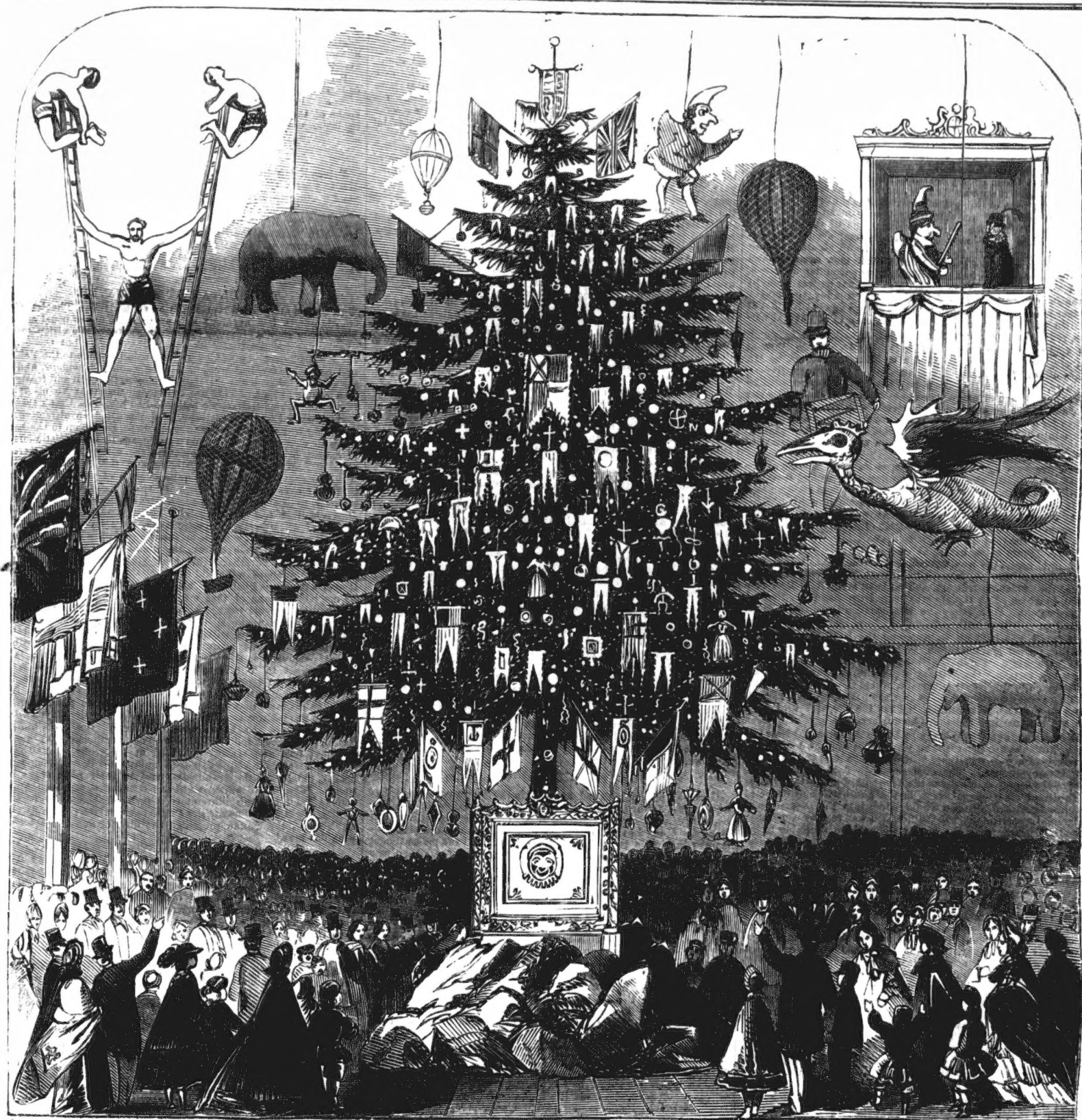
PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



THE GREAT CHRISTMAS TREE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—(See page 474.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, John Green was publicly executed in front of the County Gaol, at Cambridge, for the murder of Elizabeth Brown, at Whittlesey. The prisoner was convicted, at the recent assizes, of the crime upon very clear testimony, and since his condemnation, as our readers are aware, he made a full and ample confession of his guilt. His confession but bore out the suspicions of those who heard and read his trial. Repulsed in his overtures in the morning, he quarrelled with his victim, and then beat and kicked her to death, afterwards stupidly striving to destroy the body of his victim by setting fire to it. Since his condemnation he had evinced no remorse for the crime he had committed. He never referred to the murder, except when he made the confession, but conversed freely upon other topics. His appetite never failed him, and his sleep was undisturbed. He often devoted himself to reading and smoking, but did not care to take much exercise. He often stated that he was resigned to his fate, and never indulged in any hopes of a reprieve. A day or two after his condemnation he inquired when his execution was likely to take place, but with no ardent curiosity; on the contrary, with perfect nonchalance. He likewise inquired whereabouts the gallows was erected. He was a remarkably fine made young man, standing about six feet high, and weighing 13st 3½lb. The culprit had seen his mother on several occasions since his condemnation, and on the Friday she also visited him at the gaol, with his father, his wife, and three children, to bid him a last farewell. His three sisters were also present. Shortly before nine o'clock Mr. S. Day, the under-sheriff, with Mr. Gibson, the governor, and the other prison officials, proceeded to the condemned cell, where Calcraft performed his repulsive task of pinioning the culprit, who maintained his firmness through this trying ordeal. Precisely at nine o'clock the procession left the cell, the doomed man walking uprightly with a firm step. On reaching the scaffold he glanced somewhat hastily at the crowd, which covered the summit of Castle hill, and in a few moments the rope was adjusted, and the drop soon fell. The wretched man "died easily" as the phrase runs. Throughout the morning large crowds of people arrived in the town.

A MEMBER of the Leeds police force, named Linfoot, was ordered into custody on Sunday morning in consequence of a man named Barnes being taken into the Leeds Infirmary in a very dangerous state. Between one and two o'clock in the morning Linfoot took Barnes to the police-station of his district, and the condition he was in so alarmed the sergeant on duty that medical advice was immediately sought. There are nine wounds on the head and face, with several other blows. In one place the skull is fractured, and in five there is penetration to the bone. The right side of the lower jaw is also broken. It may well be imagined that a person suffering from such injuries must be in a precarious state, and yesterday the surgeons at the infirmary considered him to be in an extremely dangerous state. It appears that Linfoot, the policeman, on Saturday night had been exacting his official position to make free with the commodities of shopkeepers in his district, one of the out-townships, and while in an intoxicated state he met about midnight with a man named Cardingley, whom he beat with his staff, stating that he had knocked his hat off. Some other men came up and aided his escape, but Linfoot immediately after encountered Barnes, and belaboured him so savagely with his staff that he was brought into the shocking state before described. On Monday, the mayor and other magistrates examined into the charge against Linfoot at the Town Hall, and, after hearing the statements of several witnesses, remanded the prisoner for a week.

An application was made on Monday to Mr. Justice Stree at Chambers, in the case of the Queen v. King and others, by Mr. Thomas Beard, the attorney for King. He, with Heenan, Sayers, and others, engaged in the late prize fight, had been committed by the Warburton bench of magistrates to take his trial at the Quarter Sessions at Lewes for an alleged breach of the peace. The application was for a writ of *certiorari* to remove the indictment from the sessions into the Court of Queen's Bench. His lordship granted the application, and the indictment, which was to have been tried on Tuesday, will be removed.

A FEW evenings ago Mr. Newdegate, M.P., had a narrow escape from being seriously injured. On the day in question, it would seem, the honourable gentleman, after visiting a friend residing near Leamington, left that town early in the afternoon in his gig, his servant driving. At Coventry the horse was changed, and Mr. Newdegate started on his way in direction of Arbury alone. While passing along the road he was met by a small low coal cart drawn by a pony. From some cause, at present unexplained, the pony turned right across the way, immediately in the front of the horse Mr. Newdegate was driving. The animal, a spirited one, took fright at the sudden obstruction, and made an attempt to leap over the cart, in which effort the gig was turned over, and Mr. Newdegate thrown out. Fortunately the hon. gentleman so fell that he sustained no serious injury.

An inquest was held on Saturday on the body of a deaf and dumb girl, named Mary Hannah Dodd, fifteen years of age, who resided with her mother in Cope's-buildings, Arden-street, Scotland-road, Liverpool. On Monday week she got severely burnt, and was taken to the Royal Infirmary, where she died on the 31st ult. There was no evidence as to how the burns had been caused, and the jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased died from burns, but how received there was no evidence to show."

On Monday an inquest was taken by Dr. Lancaster, at the New Inn Tavern, Tottenham-court-road, on view of the body of Anne Kate, aged thirty-two, who was living with her husband at 18, Howland-street, Finsbury-square. The evidence showed that about three years ago the deceased, who was the daughter of a wealthy tradesman in Great Marlborough-street, lost her father. She expected that at her father's death she would come into the possession of considerable property, but the will, which was read as usual after the funeral, declared that the property should be available to the intended possessor in about three years. The deceased in consequence gave way to habits of intemperance, and was scarcely ever sober. A witness stated that she had seen the deceased daily under the influence of liquor for eleven weeks. On Saturday morning, when her husband got up, he discovered her on the floor by the side of the bed quite dead. Mr. Lawson, a surgeon, who was called in, made a post-mortem examination of the body. He found all the evidence of the deceased being immoderately addicted to the most intemperate habits. There was no food in the stomach, and the heart was full of water. He was astonished how it could act. The lungs were almost consolidated, and the liver crumbled into dust. He had no doubt but that death was the effect of excessive drinking. A verdict was returned to that effect.

On Monday, Mr. Waltham, deputy coroner, held an inquiry at the Alfred's Head Tavern, Alfred-street, Stepney, respecting the death of James Costigan, aged six months, who was poisoned by landanum. Mrs. Costigan, 63, Ernest-street, said that the deceased child had been ill for three months. On the 2nd it was in extreme pain, and although Dr. Lowe was attending it, witness, by the advice of her mother, got a pennyworth of landanum at Dr. Sykes's surgery, and gave the deceased about five drops to set it to sleep; it died in a few hours. Dr. Lowe said that the landanum accelerated or caused the death, but the child in no case could have recovered. The jury returned a verdict "That deceased died from landanum administered to procure ease from pain, and that the death was by misfortune, and accidental."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The France pronounces strongly in favour of peace. After reviewing the situation, and expressing an opinion that the best thing for France is "to wait," and that any impatience on her part would "weaken her initiative;" and saying also, with reference to the motive which it is commonly thought urges the Emperor to war, "Our best frontier is our army; we shall be better protected by our eagles than by the Rhine," it thus concludes:—

"What our country wants, and what we hope for from the prudence of the Emperor and his Government, is a policy of expectation and conciliation. The object of France is peace, and the means by which she would obtain that object is also peace. She has no thought of throwing herself into quarrels and conflicts to embitter and extend them. She remains calm and confident, holding in her hands the arbitrage of Europe as a perpetual appeal to the reason and conscience of the Sovereigns. It is for this reason that we think all the activity of the Government should be concentrated upon our home affairs. Let us create stability at home, by conciliation, moderation, legality, and a large and sincere practice of public liberty. In a word, let us give to Europe the example of a free people with a strong Government, and let us say that it is by founding legal liberty in France that we shall seek to create moral order in Europe. Let us do this, and the year now commencing may give us as many guarantees for security as the year which finishes this evening leaves us troubles and uncertainties."

The official receptions on the occasion of the new year took place at the Tuilleries with the accustomed ceremonial. At half-past eleven the Emperor and Empress received the high officers of the crown, the commander-in-chief of the Imperial Guard, the grand mistress of her Majesty's household, the ladies of honour to the Empress, the officers and ladies of the households of their Majesties, of the Prince Imperial, and of the princes and princesses of the Imperial family; then the cardinals, the ministers, and members of the privy council, marshals of France, admirals, the grand chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and the Governor of the Invalides. The diplomatic body, as usual, offered their congratulations to the Emperor on the occasion of the new year, the Papal nuncio acting as spokesman, and using the following language:—

"Sire,—The members of the diplomatic body assembled round your Majesty are anxious to express, on the occasion of the new year, the wishes which they form for the happiness of your Majesty and your august family, and for the prosperity of France. As the interpreter of the sentiments of the diplomatic body on this solemn occasion, I am happy, sire, to present to you its most respectful homage."

The Emperor replied in these words:—

"I thank you for the wishes you express to me in the name of the diplomatic body. They are a happy presage for the opening year. Notwithstanding the uneasiness caused by questions in suspense, I feel confident that the spirit of conciliation which animates the Sovereigns will remove difficulties and maintain peace."

His Majesty also spoke separately in kindly terms to the various heads of legations, and, addressing in English the Hon. Mr. Dayton, Minister of the United States, expressed the hope that 1864 would be for America a year of conciliation and peace. Outside the palace, the crowd to see the equipages pass was less numerous than usual, in consequence of the weather having turned considerably colder, and light snow falling almost without cessation.

The Address of the Corps Legislatif, in reply to the Speech from the throne, states that the populations are profoundly attached to Imperial institutions, and applaud the resolution of the Emperor to anticipate public opinion in the path of industrial and commercial liberty. It expresses a wish that the public works should not be diminished, and that interior reforms should be developed.

The address then says:—"The Corps Legislatif believes with the Emperor that the most wisely governed nations cannot always escape foreign complications, and that they should regard them without illusion as without weakness. The distant expeditions to China, Cochinchina, and Mexico have greatly disturbed the public mind in France, on account of the obligations and sacrifices they entail. We acknowledge that these expeditions must inspire respect for our countrymen and for the French flag, and that they may also develop our maritime commerce; but we should be happy to see realized shortly the good results for which your Majesty has led us to hope."

On the Polish question the address says:—"The recollections of our history and the feelings of humanity which animate us excite the most earnest sympathies for Poland, and we have seen with grief the failure of the combined efforts of three great Powers. Neither can we, however, disregard that the sincere and cordial support of Russia has been useful to France on important occasions. We should regret any coldness in our friendly relations with that Power, and have therefore accepted, with profound satisfaction, the idea of an European Congress, which will be a lasting honour to your reign. France, on whom you have bestowed splendour and glory, is grateful to you for not having committed her treasures and the blood of her children in causes in which her honour and interests are not at stake."

"Leave without regret, sire, the few unjust prejudices against accepting your loyal and pacific propositions. Noble and sound ideas make way in the world and take root in the heart of the people. Await calmly the effect of your generous words."

"France—homogeneous, compact, strong, and confident in you—fears no aggression, and now has no other ambition than to assure her repose, and develop her material welfare by labour and peace, and her moral welfare by the sincere and gradual practice of civil and political liberties."

ITALY.

Garibaldi having resigned his seat in the Turin parliament, has written the following letter to his constituents, explaining his reasons for so doing:—"Capri, Dec. 21.—To my constituents at Naples.—When I saw 229 deputies of the Italian parliament confirm by their vote the sale of Italian soil I had the presentiment that I should not long remain in the assembly of those men who blindly tore asunder the limbs of the country which they were called to reconstitute. However, the counsels of friends, the hope of reparatory events, and an unshaken sentiment of devotion towards my constituents, kept me at the post. But now, when I see succeeding to the sale of Nice the shame of Sicily, which I should be proud to call my second country by adoption, I feel myself, electors, compelled to restore to you a commission which enchains my conscience and makes me indirectly the accomplice of the faults of others. It is not only the affection which I owe to Sicily, the courageous initiator of so many revolutions, but the thought that they have wounded her the right and the honour in compromising the safety of all Italy, which has led me to take this resolution. There is, however, nothing in this which will prevent me from finding myself with the people in arms on the road to Rome and Venice. Adieu.—Yours, G. GARIBOLDI."

POLAND.

In the district of Stanislawow a body of Poles, under Tankowski, who were being pursued by the Russians, took refuge in a wood, where they proposed to pass the night. Shortly afterwards some Cossacks came up, and seeing two peasants ploughing in an adjoining field, asked one of them in what direction the insurgents had gone. The peasant answered he did not know, upon which the Cossacks began to beat him. At length, after receiving a succes-

sion of blows, he declared he really did not know, but suggested that perhaps the other peasant could tell. The Cossacks turned to the other, and on receiving a similar answer to the last, began to beat him also; and finding that this had no effect, one of them tied the peasant by his neck to his horse with a string, and then rode off, dragging the peasant after him, who was obliged to hold on to the string to prevent his being strangled. After continuing this torture for some time without effect, the Cossacks hanged the unfortunate peasant on a tree, and rode off. Luckily, a Polish soldier who was near cut the man down in time to save him.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

The Federal Commissioners in Holstein have thought it necessary at last to warn the inhabitants against their own enthusiasm. By a proclamation dated Altona, Dec. 26, they refer to perturbations on different points in Holstein; they also express regret that the public should have gone so far in its meetings as to proclaim Prince Frederick of Augustenburg without awaiting the decision of the German Diet, and that the people should have been guilty of "menacing excesses" against functionaries. The address terminates by a threat:—

"We expect (it says) that these warnings will suffice for maintaining the population within the bonds of legality; we also reckon especially on the support of all well-thinking people, and hope that by these means order and tranquillity will be maintained, in order that the commissioners may not be placed under the necessity of adopting measures of which the lamentable consequences would fall upon the country."

The *Berlin Gazette*, which publishes this document, states that it has produced a disagreeable effect on public opinion. The Federal commissioners have already passed from words to acts, and suspended the municipality of Ploen.

The Duke of Augustenburg has, under the title of Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, issued a proclamation, dated the 31st of December, addressed to the people of the Duchies.

The Duke says:—

"I would not hold back before your call. I fulfil a duty in bearing the cares of this momentous epoch. The Federal execution, which from the beginning was not directed against my Government, has now ceased to have any object. I am convinced that the Federal Diet will now acknowledge that the reasons which determined it to order the administration of the duchy by Federal commissioners no longer exist. I expect that my faithful subjects will, however, respect the Federal Administration, and that they will avoid any conflict."

Duke Frederick of Augustenburg has received congratulatory deputations from all parts of the country.

The Duke, in reply to the leader of a grand torchlight procession, spoke of the necessity of union between the Government and its subjects, and expressed the confident hope that he would soon assume the government.

CHINA.

Prince Kung having refused to ratify the agreement made by Mr. Lay with Captain Osborn, Captain Osborn proceeded to disband his force. The European ministers protested against Prince Kung having the ships on his own terms, and Prince Kung then requested Mr. Bruce to sell the ships for him. Mr. Bruce having requested Captain Osborn to undertake their disposal, a part of the squadron were to sail for England, and Captain Osborn, with the Keangsoo, Quantung, and Amoy, had sailed for Bombay. Captain Osborn may be shortly expected in England.

THE SULTAN AT A THEATRE.

THE Sultan attended a representation at the Italian Theatre, Constantinople, a few evenings ago, an act quite out of usual custom. The *Levant Herald* gives the following account of the visit:—"The usual hour for the performance is eight o'clock; but the Sultan keeps early hours—he wanted to return in fair time to the Palace; and he, moreover, had brought his little son and nephew, and did not desire to expose the children too late to the chill and frosty air of a winter's night. This was the second time that Abdul-Aziz—that any Turkish Sultan, we believe—had been to a Frank theatre. The *coup d'œil* was very striking, and presented an attractive and glittering scene. It did occur to us, perhaps, that even in the boxes the male element was rather too conspicuous to suit artistic effect; of course, below, and above, amongst the celestials, they were as densely packed as human patience and the theory of matter would permit; but there was quite enough of youth and beauty, of bright eyes and comely faces, of sparkling jewellery and rich toilettes, to combine with the accessories of light and music to produce a brilliant *tout ensemble*. The Sultan was, of course, the observed of all observers; opera-glasses were incessantly levelled from all quarters of the house at the central box where, alone, with a rather grave air, though dashed now and then with curiosity, and a sort of pleased surprise, wearing his plain fez, and the lower part of his form wrapped in the fold of his cloak, sat the ruler of Turkey. If ever a man was labelled by his photograph it is Sultan Abdul-Aziz. He has none of that morose and semi-scowling appearance which he is made to wear in his own capital at all places of public entertainment, and almost at every street corner. He has a fine manly face, intelligent, with clear and open eyes, keen and rather scrutinising, but his countenance is shaded nearly always with an air of pensiveness amounting almost to sadness, which is so often present in Turkish physiognomies. His black and rather closely cut beard looks all the darker in contrast with his rapidly whitening hair, although he is only thirty-four years old. Now and then his face lit up with animation at some fine passage of Verdi in the "Trovatore," and once or twice a smile played about his features at the humorous absurdities of the opera buffo of "Crispino," which followed it. The young princes, who were in the next box, and seemed delighted at the scene, looked very attractive in their coquetish little uniforms. Bewilderingly imposing, too, looked the Arab body-guard in their picturesque costumes. The Sultan waited until the conclusion, and then, amidst 'vivas,' and through illuminated streets, dashed away back to Dolma-Baghtche. The artists exerted themselves admirably; and on leaving, the Sultan presented the director and his associates with 650 liras."

THE RESPECTED CONVICTS.—George Victor Townley has not received her Majesty's pardon, neither has his sentence been commuted. He has been removed to a lunatic asylum, in compliance with the provisions of an Act of Parliament. The certificate required by the Act was duly forwarded to the Secretary of State by the prison authorities, signed by two magistrates and two medical men, independent of the gaol surgeon. Previous to receiving this, Sir George Grey had a report from the presiding judge, Baron Martin, recommending a medical inquiry. Sir George Grey referred this to the Lunacy Commissioners, who appointed three of their members to conduct the inquiry, and who coincided with the opinion of the local authorities. The Act also provides for the support of the prisoner, either from the parish or from his property, if possessed of any. Joseph Maharg, the soldier convicted of causing or abetting the death of a woman at Guildford, having also taken poison himself, has had his sentence commuted to penal servitude for life, upon the strong recommendation to mercy of the jury, forwarded by the presiding judge, Baron Pigott.—*Observer*.

THE question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do the best and greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of Newt'n, Wilson, & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of this description.—[Advertisement.]

SUICIDE THROUGH LOVE AND JEALOUSY AT HOMERTON.

On Monday, Mr. H. Baffles Walthew, deputy coroner, resumed at the Adam and Eve Tavern, Lower Homerton, an inquiry respecting the death of Esther Austin, aged nineteen years, who was alleged to have committed suicide under very painful circumstances. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased was a waitress at Kinsley's Coffee-house, in Angel-lane, Temple Mills.

George Austin, the father of the deceased, said that she used to return home to his house at Stratford every evening. She was keeping company with a young man named Henry Hoggett, to whom she was very deeply attached. She did not come home as usual on the night of Tuesday week, and he never saw her again until a week afterwards, when her body was found in the river Lea. He heard that she was last seen in company of Henry Hoggett. The latter had known her for two years, and had frequently called upon the deceased, especially when she was ill; but lately he had taken to courting another, and on the Tuesday night in question deceased called upon him to know about it. They left to walk together, and that was the last that was seen of her. She was a steady, good girl, and was not at all of a suicidal turn. She was of a cheerful disposition.

Henry Hoggett, the young man in question, said that when he and the deceased walked out and got as far as the stiles at Homerton-hill, he said, "I must now leave you, as I want to go and see Jane Shrub, who is waiting for me at the top of the hill." She replied, "Mind, wrap her up well;" and he turned away to go to Jane Shrub. He had not gone far, when the deceased said, "Good night—good night!" in a tone "that gave him a turn." He looked back, and saw her running down the hill. He was at first going to follow her, but seeing a man and a woman driving along the road, he thought that they would look after her. He had no doubt that she committed suicide through being so fond of him. He had never promised to marry her, and he had told her about Jane Shrub before. She then said, "See me home at night now, for when you are married you will not be able to walk with me along the lanes." She also said she "would like to creep into a forest, and never be seen again by any one." He loved her, but "his love was the love of friendship, and nothing more." She was always very jealous of the other young woman.

George Austin, recalled, said that Hoggett was certainly paying his addresses to deceased. Witness had since said to Hoggett, "If you did not put her to death, you were the cause of it;" and he said, "I have no doubt that I was."

Hoggett said that he could not say certainly that he was the cause of her suicide. She had met Jane Shrub before. There was certainly something strange in the way she left witness, when he said he was going to see the other young woman. He only considered her as a friend. He had taken her to a theatre. He had promised to spend the Christmas-day with her. He had never deceived her or misled her. He did not know whether he would have spent the New Year's-day with his second young woman.

John Ling, 383 N, said that some persons came to the station, and asked him to drag the river Lea. After an hour and a quarter's dragging, he got deceased out. In her pocket was found a portmanteau, containing two shillings and a part of a tradesman's bill, with an address next door to Mr. Kinsley's, in Angel-lane. No doubt she had put it in her pocket in order that it might lead to her identification.

Mr. George Miller, M.B.C.S., said that he had made a careful examination of the body of the deceased, and he found no marks of violence. She was perfectly healthy, and had been a virtuous girl.

The Coroner said that there was no doubt but the poor girl had been driven almost into a state of madness by the extraordinary conduct of the young man Hoggett. Her feelings on the night when he so abruptly told her he was going straight to meet another were no doubt agonizing, and she immediately went and committed suicide, but of course there was no direct evidence of the fact.

The jury returned a verdict—"That deceased was found drowned in the river Lea, but there was no evidence as to how she came into the water of the said river."

THE WIGWELL MURDER.—Townley has been removed to Bethlehem Hospital. The young clergyman whose name at the time of the tragedy it was thought to be unkind to mention in connection with such an occurrence till recently held the curacy of Duddon, near Chester, and now holds a similar appointment at Odd Rode, near Congleton. The circumstances under which he first learnt the particulars of the dreadful occurrence have a painful singularity. He was passing along one of the streets of Burslem, in company with his incumbent, when his attention was attracted by a line in the placard of a Manchester newspaper, posted at the shop of a newsagent, announcing the commission of a dreadful murder in Derbyshire. He stepped into the shop and purchased a newspaper, and was horrified to read the name of his betrothed as the murdered victim. His incumbent, who had passed up the street, retraced his steps in quest of his curate, and found the young gentlemen almost speechless from anguish of mind at what he had read. —*Manchester Examiner.*

CRUELTY.—For some time past a woman named Clara Noble, 23, has been living with her husband in service at Grove-end-road, St. John's-wood. Yesterday morning, at three o'clock, she was taken in labour. On her master and mistress learning the fact they bundled both Noble and her husband into the street. After waiting some time in the bitter cold and damp night air, the husband found a cab, in which he placed his wife, and directed the cabman to drive her to the Marylebone workhouse. They arrived there about four o'clock, and on opening the door of the cab it was found that during the journey the woman had given birth to a fine child. Every care and attention was paid to the mother and little stranger, and are glad to say both are doing well. —*Marylebone Mercury.*

A REMARKABLE DOG.—Mr. James Sinclair, meat-dealer, Wick, has a dog which has been brought to perform many services that evince great intelligence. "Phidus" is daily despatched on messages between Mr. Sinclair's house and shop, carrying a large basket in his mouth, depositing it on the counter, patiently waiting till the things wanted are packed, which he then carries back to the house, carefully laying it upon the table. "Phidus" gratefully receives an occasional halfpenny, which he takes to an adjoining baker's shop, receiving in return a roll, which he quietly eats, and then retires. A few days ago he was ordered to carry home a quantity of bere tied up in a handkerchief, and was proceeding home with it when he yielded to the temptation to frolic with an old sweetheart. "Phidus" put the bere in a place of safety, but forgot it afterwards, and on returning home he was threatened with chastisement. He got out of the house late at night to go to the place of concealment, but could not gain access till morning. Then seizing the bundle in his mouth, he ran home as fast as possible, bounding into the house with evident joy, and triumphantly throwing on the floor the proof of his honesty, which, in an evil hour, under female temptation, he had given cause to doubt. —*Ensign.*

A CAPITAL NEW YEAR'S GIFT for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), a Writing-case, fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencils and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. **THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL** was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORTON, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers. —*Advertisement.*

THE FATAL WRECK OF HER MAJESTY'S GUNBOAT LIVELY.

The following interesting particulars relative to the stranding of the *Lively* are contained in a letter sent by the chief engineer, Mr. Bushe, to Mrs. Bushe, who is residing at Berwick, from which port the unfortunate vessel sailed, for the purpose of endeavouring to pick up some of the fishing smacks belonging to Great Yarmouth and other places, that have not been heard of since the heavy gales, in the early part of December:—

"Oomahorne, Holland, Dec. 25, 1863.
"My dear —, I wrote to you last night, and now, having more time, I will tell you a little more of our late misfortune. As you know, we left Berwick on Saturday last, with a fair wind right across the North Sea to our destination. Everything went well until Monday last, or rather very early on Tuesday morning, when the wind gradually increased, until a very heavy sea struck and came right over the ship, going down the hatchways, and of course waking all hands that were turned in. I was on watch, and as we were laying to, under fore and aft sail, the engines were not going, and I was sitting in the cabin. I directly rushed into the captain's cabin, and found him already turning out. I thought at the time the ship was gradually settling down, and we should all go with her, so violent was the shock, and so much the water she shipped. I then went into the engine-room, and quickly got the engines ready to work, the steam being kept up for that purpose. This was the commencement of one of the most terrific gales I think it possible to witness. The lead was hoisted, and we found ourselves suddenly in very shallow water, and our only chance of escaping the ground was steaming against it as hard as we could. This we did from about two o'clock in the morning till about four o'clock in the afternoon, during which time the wind increased in fury, and the sea rose higher and higher. Over and over again we cleared the bilges of about two feet water; the coals were forced from the bunkers into the engine-room, and I often expected the engines to break down from their great velocity or from the coals being flooded about them and stopping their working—such, however, was not to be. Anxiously we looked for the wind to moderate, and a less shipment of seas, and sometimes our hopes buoyed us with the idea that the seas were actually less, and then they came again more heavily than before. I had not left the engine-room for more than ten minutes at a time during the whole of the time the gale lasted. Between two and three o'clock matters were fast approaching a crisis, the water was increasing in the bilges, and every one on board had serious thoughts of ever being able to master the storm, and now comes the saddest part of the story. Poor Robert and I shook hands together and awaited our fate; he got a two gallon oil can we had in use, thinking it would do for a life-preserver, wishing there was another one, that we might both go together. I thought anything of the kind of no use, as no one could live in the sea that was running. I shall never forget his last words, 'I think, old fellow, it is time we looked out for ourselves; if we stop down here we shall all be caught like rats in a trap.' Just about this time the captain sent for me, and asked how things were looking below. The fires were still in, but we could not run much longer; we had, however, plenty of steam, and the engines were working as well as ever, only they were nearly immersed in water, one moment making at the rate of about two revolutions, the next about four or five times that number as the screw left the water. The captain now sent for the men aft, and turned the head of the ship towards the shore, knowing we should founder if we remained in deep water, and our only hope of escape from a watery grave was from running her aground. I saw poor Robert with a piece of plank and the oil can, leaping them to himself. The next moment a green sea swept over us, knocking those who were not holding on to something, off their legs. I was knocked down, and was being washed about the decks, expected to be washed overboard, and experiencing the sensation of being drowned; in fact, at this time I had given up all hope, and wished to die as quickly as possible. I had knocked my legs against the gun slide, and was so benumbed that while others had recovered from the shock I remained unable to rise from the deck. One of the men, seeing my condition, lifted me up by the arms, and raised my head from the water; I managed then, as I sat, to catch fast hold of some ropes, and just then, for the last time, I saw poor Robert overboard; it was only for a moment. I have since been told he struck out manfully for the shore, but that, alas! was five or six miles at least from him; and, although he was a good swimmer, I feel convinced he could never have reached it in the heavy sea that was running. We have heard no tidings of him on shore. Poor fellow! it grieves me to say I think he must be gone. Had he not unfortunately been washed overboard, no doubt he would have escaped as the rest. Soon after this the ship took the ground. I cannot tell you how I was taken, or scrambled on to the lower deck into a hammock. When I recovered, which was in a few minutes after, the ship was bumping heavily on the ground, but was not shipping so many seas—in fact, the tide was going out, and the sea and wind were fast decreasing in violence. Then hope was alive again in the breast of all. All the men commenced baling the water out with buckets, and pumping as it were for their lives. I thought I had seriously hurt myself somewhere about the body, but, thank God, I had escaped uninjured. The tide had left us water-logged on the sands. That night was passed by those who were able in trying to get the water out of the ship, and succeeded in reducing it considerably by next morning's daylight. We had fired minute guns during the night occasionally, but no assistance appeared to come. The tide was again coming up, bringing with it a heavy wind and sea. We thought and talked of making a raft, when a couple of Dutch smacks hove in sight, and we all felt thankfully safe. They came alongside, and the captain tried to make them stop by the ship; in fact, he did not want to leave her altogether. A great deal of time was lost about this. The Dutchmen would not stop by any persuasion, and had actually shoved off from us before we had all got on board, and before we had got the dead pilot out of the ship. It is very curious he should have died so suddenly after the gale. When all were in the smack they made sail, and unfortunately we grounded and were obliged to wait seven or eight hours for the next tide; and after we got under way they very soon brought up again, making or trying to make us believe we could go no further for the night on account of tide. So we had to settle down in our wet things till the morning, being nearly starved and perished, and cramped up frightfully. We, however, eventually reached the shore, but in such a place, where there is not more than about twenty small houses; but everybody is very kind in their way. The men are all in one room in a small public-house. The captain has telegraphed to England. There is no consul within about twenty miles."

A WINDFALL.—It is reported that a person named Henry Craven Griffiths, who was formerly a musician here, and was convicted at the last Spring Circuit held at Glasgow for the theft of a quantity of silver plate and other articles from a house in Greenock, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in Perth Penitentiary, has, by the decease of a near relative, fallen heir to a fortune of £48,000. —*Greenock Advertiser.*

HORNEMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,380 Agents. —*Advertisement.*

THE HISTORY OF TOWNLEY'S REPRIEVE.

[From the *Derbyshire Advertiser.*]

Most of our readers are aware by this time that the execution of the sentence upon George Victor Townley, who murdered Miss Goodwin, has been respite, and in order that the public may know how the respite was obtained, we proceed briefly to state what steps have been taken by Mr. Leech (the prisoner's solicitor), his relatives, and others to secure that object. Immediately after Townley's condemnation, application was made to Mr. Baron Martin, the judge who tried him, with a view to induce him to suggest to the Home Secretary the desirability of directing a commission of inquiry into the state of the prisoner's mind. Before, however, the application had reached the learned baron his lordship had already been in communication with the Home Secretary on the subject. Statutory declarations of numerous persons, including several of the leading medical men residing in London, Manchester, Leeds, York, Scarborough, and Chesterfield, were also made, together with a record of numerous cases of hereditary insanity in the prisoner's family. Statements were also made to the Home Secretary to the effect that the extraordinary theological and moral views of the prisoner, as expressed by him to Dr. Forbes Winslow, were entirely opposed to the notions which he had previously entertained, and that his previous life was most exemplary and remarkable for its morality. Some rather singular statements were made on oath by Mr. Dolan and others as to the alleged past delusions of the prisoner. Mr. Dolan's evidence was to the effect that he was an intimate friend of Townley whilst in London, two years ago. He also knew about that time of the first breach of the engagement between Townley and Miss Goodwin, and although the former apparently acquiesced in what had been done, and returned the unfortunate young lady's letters, his conduct at times was extremely eccentric. On one occasion, in London, Mr. Dolan stated that Townley purchased seven white hats and three umbrellas at one shop, and in order to distinguish one hat from another he cut square holes in them of different sizes, and wore the hats on alternate days, in spite of remonstrance. On another occasion Townley accompanied Mr. Dolan to some swimming baths and plunged in with his clothes on. On being told about it he expressed his surprise at what had occurred, and said he believed he had been undressed. He had also turned the pictures in his rooms upside down, and otherwise acted in a very extraordinary manner. An explanation was given to the Home Secretary as to why this evidence was not known or adduced upon the trial. Nine of the jury who tried Townley signed a memorial to the Home Secretary, stating that although their verdict was a just one, they were of opinion that an inquiry should be made as to the state of the prisoner's mind. Petitions in favour of commutation were sent from London, Manchester, Leeds, York, Hull, Derby, and other places, the aggregate number of signatures obtained being about 30,000. A certificate was also signed by three local magistrates and two medical men, in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Parliament, expressing their views to the effect that they believed Townley to be insane. Sir G. Grey, being unable to withstand these influences, determined to appoint a lunacy commission of inquiry, and Dr. Foster, Dr. Wilkes, and Mr. Campbell, solicitor, the commissioners selected, arrived in Derby at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon last, taking up their quarters at the Midland Hotel. They at once proceeded to the gaol, told the governor their errand, and were ushered into the condemned cell, without any previous arrangement, or Townley being made aware of the object of their interview with him. After an interview of two hours they left and returned to the gaol on Sunday, when at one o'clock they proceeded to examine Mr. Sims (the governor), the Rev. Mr. Moore, (chaplain), Mr. Gisborne (surgeon), Mr. Carrington (head turnkey), four under turnkeys, and Mr. and Mrs. Townley. Dr. Foster also attended the Sunday afternoon service at the gaol chapel, and, unknown to the prisoner, watched his conduct narrowly. The Rev. Mr. Moore preached on the Sunday morning and afternoon, the following being the texts selected:—Morning, 1st Timothy i. 16—"Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting." Afternoon, St. John xiv. 6—"I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." The lunacy commissioners were engaged from one on Saturday afternoon until seven the same evening in examining witnesses, after which they had another protracted interview with Townley in his cell. They then left the gaol. On Monday morning they prepared their report, and at noon proceeded by train to London, having arranged to present the report at the Home-office between four and five o'clock the same afternoon. Sir G. Grey was spending the Christmas holidays at his seat, Fallowdon, in Northumberland, a distance of 328 miles from the metropolis, and a special messenger was at once despatched to him with the commissioners' report, together with the evidence taken in the inquiry. The messenger reached Fallowdon between nine and ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, when Sir George Grey perused the documents, and then at once despatched the messenger to Derby, who arrived here at seven p.m. on Tuesday evening. He reached the gaol at 7.15 p.m. where every preparation was being made for carrying out the sentence, the scaffold being in the course of erection. It was to the effect that the execution of the sentence of death passed upon George Victor Townley be respite until further signification of her Majesty's pleasure. Mr. Sims communicated the news to Townley, and whilst all the officers of the gaol were overcome with feelings of satisfaction, Townley received the information without the slightest emotion. Directly afterwards Townley's family, who were in the town, were made acquainted with the contents of the despatch, and on the same evening they had an interview with the culprit in his cell. Previous to receiving the respite on Tuesday, a deputation, consisting of two leading members of parliament, a physician, the Rev. Cosmo Gordon, Mr. Wright, the prison philanthropist (all from the neighbourhood of Manchester), and Mr. Leech, the prisoner's solicitor, had been organised, and actually started on their way to Fallowdon for the purpose of having an interview with Sir George Grey; but upon the arrival of the messenger, they were telegraphed for back. With regard to Townley's health, we may state that he is heavier now than at any period since he entered the gaol. He never was in better spirits, and a few days ago he talked cheerfully about his execution, and remarked that on Thursday he should be restored to Miss Goodwin. Since the respite his conduct has been much the same, and he still remains in the condemned cell with two warders in charge of him day and night.

SEASONABLE LIBERALITY.—The members for Salisbury—Lieutenant-General Buckley and Mr. Matthew Henry Marsh—have just forwarded to the mayor of that city (Mr. John Waters) £50 each, to be distributed by him and the members of the town council in small sums among the deserving poor of the town.

MR. SECRETARY STANTON states in his report to President Lincoln that up to Midsummer last there had been issued to the Federal troops by the War Department since the present war began 1,550,576 muskets and rifles for foot soldiers, 827,170 carbines and pistols for mounted troops, 271,817 sabres, 1,745,586 cannon balls and shells, 50,045,515 lb of lead and lead bullets, 2,274,490 cartridges, for artillery 378,584,104 cartridges for small arms, 715,036,470 percussion caps, 6,082,505 friction primers, 13,071,073 lb. of gunpowder, 1,608,920 sets of accoutrements for infantry, and 196,298 for cavalry.

DOGS' HEADS.

As an accompaniment to our "Sketches in the Hunting Field," a contrast of the French style of animal painting will not be out of place here. We English, who consider ourselves judges of dogs and horseflesh, are generally fond of pictures of sporting subjects. We do not mean the old kind of thing that decorates the walls and parlours of our road-side inns; these were the pet subjects which pleased our fathers and grandfathers. The refinement and occasional sentiment which Landseer has thrown around the picturesque incidents of English sporting life have awakened in many a task for art in that particular direction. The paintings, also, of Rosa Bonheur, "the Horse Fair," &c., have gained for that lady the title of the French Landseer, and many there are who esteem her still more perfect, and no less graceful in depicting animal life than Sir Edwin Landseer himself. Certainly, among French artists, she has no competitor. There are, however,

many truthful French animal painters—among them, Jadin, who is perhaps the most distinguished; but none of them have the art of refining, let alone elevating their subjects, like Landseer. That the four dogs' heads, which we here give, by Jadin, are cleverly painted all must admit; and though they are doubtless good portraits, still in the way in which they are grouped, as though up before a bar, exists that great contrast of treatment between an English and a French artist. Landseer and other English animal painters would not have been content with simply painting the portraits, as Jadin has. They would have brought them all into a pleasing and harmonious picture, in various positions, either in the kennel or something picturesque in the back-ground.

SINGULAR VERDICT.—At the Devonport Quarter Sessions, three boys were charged with robbery. The jury returned the following explicit verdict: "Guilty; but we recommend the prisoners to mercy, because the evidence is not sufficiently clear against them." The Recorder sentenced the boys to several terms of imprisonment.

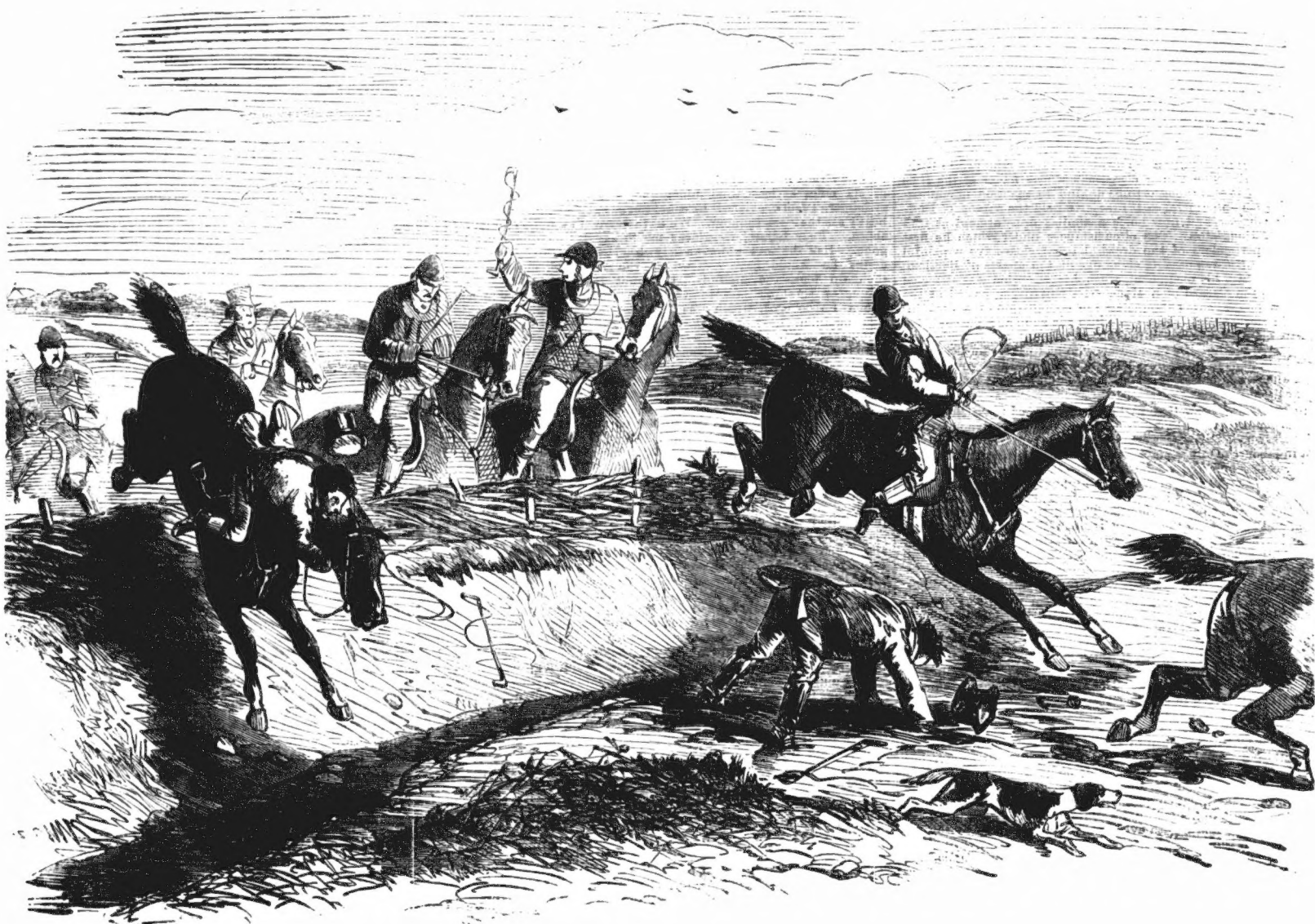
STEAM DOOMED.—There can be no doubt but that engines worked by steam, the employment of which is always attended with so great a loss of heat, will eventually be superseded by air or caloric engines, where there is no loss by condensation. Theoretically, air engines are perfect, and the practical difficulties that prevented their adoption are being overcome.—*Intellectual Observer.*



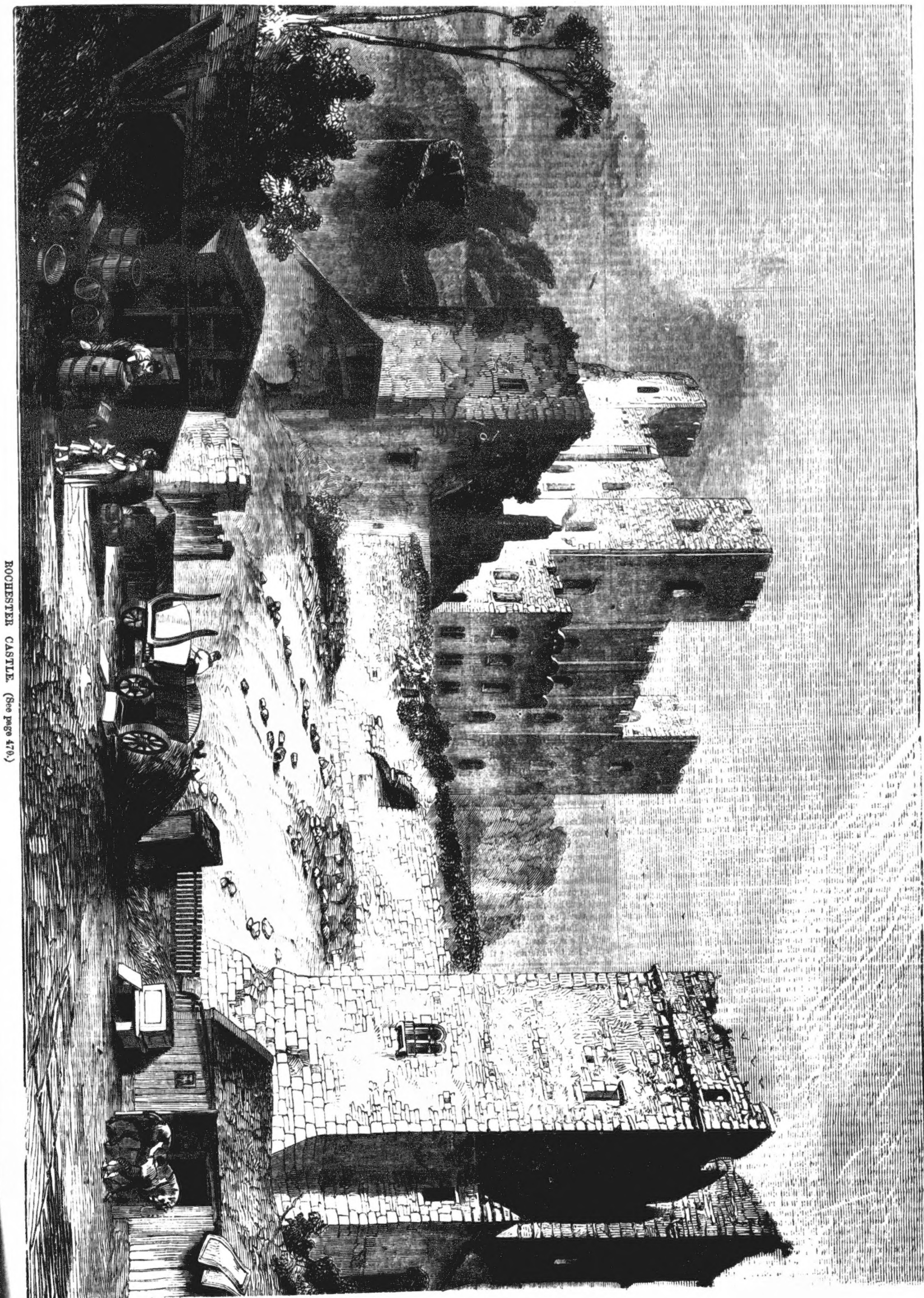
HUNTING SKETCHES.—No. IV.

I HA' seen a many studs, more I dessey than most men—more than half the fellows as have their pictures taken, either sittin' on 'oss-back or standin' at the animals' heads, with John So-and-So, the celebrated whipper-in of such and such a pack, wrote underneath. But of all the studs of 'osses, or all the packs of dogs, give me old Lord Melbury's, as I lived first whip with when I were a youngster. He were a rum 'un, were the old lord, but a fast rate sportsman, and no mistake. He'd been very wild when a young man, up to all manner o' games, and got through a precious sight of tin. Had his hunters up at Hoxford, and hunted reg'lar three times a week, druv' tandems and four 'oss drags, and went the pace so fast that the head coves up there was down upon him, and ordered him to cut it. After that he went abroad in furrin' parts; there he stayed till he were quite middle-aged. In fact, he were a bald-headed, steady-lookin', elderly-lookin' man when he were about forty years old. When he come back he lived for some time in London, and while there he fell in love with a play-actin' woman, one of the nicest, sweetest creaturs as ever I set eyes on. I'd heard many stories of play-actin' women, and I thought they was all painted Jezebels, a flauntin' and dancin' about, and never happy if they weren't being constantly admired and made a fuss with. Lor' bless you, this were a little quiet innocent gal, lookin' upon the old lord as one of the finest and grandest of men, and so mild and good-tempered, that she soon became a favourite with every one. There were only one

thing as was found fault with, and that were natural enough, goodness knows. She was uncommon fond of her father, and were always wantin' Lord Melbury to have him to stay with them. Now the father weren't by no means the sort of company for Lord Melbury's friends. He were an old gent, with a face shaved werry close, hair cut werry short, and a voice deep as a trumpet. He used the finest words, and never spoke anything under half-a-dozen syllables. Fitzherbert he used to call himself, though they said his real name was Coggles. He always drunk too much wine, and then spouted Shakspeare and other play-writin's. When he used to come down to the Hollies, Lord Melbury's place in Lincolnshire, he was a reg'lar subject of fun for the young gents and sportin' swells as was stoppin' there. They used to trot him out on every occasion, and he'd tell 'em such whoppers of what a fine feller he was that they was ready to bust with laughin', and the old lord was mad with vexation. Well, one day, Lord Melbury, who'd set up his stud and the pack of dogs I was speakin' of, was laid up with the gout, and couldn't come down. So, after dinner, while the gents was a drinkin' their wine, they got hold of old Coggles, and began to draw him. One of 'em, 'specially, Honourable Tom Ringwood, were fast-rate chaff; and after they'd got old Coggles's best stories—how he dined with the Lord Lettenink of Ireland, how he once fought a dozel, ekcetterer—Honourable Tom Ringwood says to him, says he, "Fitzherbert, are you any good at huntin'?" says he. "Good at huntin'," says old Coggles. "When I were in Ireland there was few in the county Galway," he says, "as cared to follow my jumps." "That's all right," says Honourable Tom Ringwood, "for there is a meet to-morrow, and you shall go with us." Now old Coggles was in a funk, and tried very hard to get out of it, but the company wouldn't have it; so the next mornin', having had my orders, I takes a pair of my own boots round to Coggles's door, knocks him up, and tells him his nag's ready. If the old lord had been about, he'd never have suffered such a game, but he were laid on his back with the gout, and knew nothin' of it. Honourable Tom Ringwood comes round to the stables, and says to me, "What are you going to give Mr. Fitzherbert," says he. "Why, says I, "he's no light weight, Mr. Ringwood, and I was thinkin' of saddlin' old Juniper," I says. "No, no," says he, bustin' with the laugh, "old Juniper's much too steady going a old nag for such a fierce Nimrod as Mr. Fitzherbert. Put a saddle on Gay Lass," he says; "and listen, Jack, hook up the curb-chain tightish, d'ye see?" When I brought the nags round to the door, the young fellows got round old Coggles, and shuffled him out



HUNTING SKETCHES.—No. IV.



ROCHESTER CASTLE. (See page 470.)

amongst them, for they was afraid Lady Melbury would see him, and stop his goin', but he'd had a thimbleful of brandy with his breakfast, and were as jolly as a grig, singin' about a "Southern wind and a cloudy sky," and roarin' out somethin' about a "bright chancier" and a "Old Towler." Well, off we went, and rode along all very merry at first, a laughin' and jokin' till we come to Noakes's Bottom, where we found. Rattlin' away with a good bust, we went over the flat land by Green's Folly, down Mullins's meadows, and up to Thorpe Wood, where there was a check. All this time bein' clear catarin', old Coggles did tolerable. His knees stuck rather out, and his feet had slipped through the stirrups up to his insteps, and pointed out on each side his 'oss like little wings; but he hadn't got over the thimbleful, and there were still a grin on his face. In about three minutes the deep voice of old Daphne told us she'd found; Tom Ringwood roars "Tally-ho!" and off we started. I see old Coggles strugglin' to shout "Yoicks!" but Gay Lass give a jump at the time, and he werry near bit his tongue in two. Turnin' now across Parson's-green, we came to two or three longish furrows, and the first jump were a highish bank, with a thin hedge on the top, and a nasty bit o' dyke on the other side. Then I kep' my eye on old Coggles. Gay Lass tossed her head just before comin' to the bank; Honourable Tom Ringwood shouts, "Forrard, old boy!" at the top of his voice. I was over fast, and turnin' in my saddle, see Gay Lass come at the jump beautiful; and as she rose, I see old Coggles fly like a firework bend over her head, and come down on his hands and knees. "Hollo!" shouts Tom, "that's a drop scene, and no mistake;" whilst a young swell, who didn't know Coggles, and only saw the largest part of him, roars, "Yah! take care, gentl'men; something from the cattle show stops the way!" Old Coggles never hunted again.

ROCHESTER CASTLE.

THE famous old ruins of Rochester Castle (an illustration of which will be found on page 469) are situated on the banks of the Medway, about thirty miles from London on the North Kent line. For antiquity, Rochester and its castle is one of the most interesting places near the metropolis. The old bridge, recently destroyed, was one of the most ancient constructions of the kind in the country. This led to *Durobriva*, or *Rothis*, a stipendiary town of the Romans, on Watling-street, and *Brof*, or *Broffs ceaster*, of the Saxons, or as it is now called, Rochester. As early as the year 600, Ethelbert walled in the town, and founded a priory there, making it a bishop's see. The castle, of which we now have the noble ruins, was built by William the Conqueror, on the site of a Roman or Saxon castle, which formerly stood there prior to 765. In 676, the town was plundered by Ethelred, and by the Danes in 839 and 885; also by Ethelred in 986, and by the Danes again in 999. William the Conqueror gave Rochester and the castle to Bishop Odo, from whom it was taken by William Rufus, in 1083. It was burnt in 1130, when Henry I attended the consecration of Bishop Gundolph's cathedral. It was also burnt in 1137 and 1179, when it came into the possession of the barons, from whom it was taken by John in 1215, and retaken by Lewis, the Dauphin, in 1216. In 1251 the castle was the scene of a grand tournament before Henry III. Simon Montfort besieged the place in 1264, and it was afterwards repaired by Edward IV. In 1522 it was visited by Henry VIII; also by Edward V. and by Queen Elizabeth in 1573. Charles II visited it at the Restoration, as did also James II in his flight, 1688.

The castle is built of Kentish ragstone, and among the ruins will be found the machicolated east wall, twenty feet, by seven feet high; and the fine four-storied keep of Bishop Gundolph (who built the White Tower of London). This keep is seventy feet square; the walls are from eleven to thirteen feet thick, and 104 feet high, with towers (one round) at the corners, twenty feet higher. There are still the remains of a gate, a winding staircase, a dungeon, the well, fireplaces, galleries, &c. A party wall divides it from top to bottom, pierced with arched doors. The walls of the castle, as seen from our engraving, enclose an area of nearly 800 feet square. The walls of the keep are in excellent preservation, and the top commands magnificent and interesting prospects of the country round. The town of Rochester is a quiet old place, and to the antiquarian is one of the most interesting places within two hours' ride of London.

A CURATE'S CHRISTMAS BOX TO A CHURCHWARDEN.—A village in the mineral district of Derbyshire was the scene of (happily) an unusual fracas on Christmas Eve. One of the churchwardens was standing in the churchyard waiting the arrival of his brother warden to assist in the distribution of a dole of bread to the poor of the village, when the incumbent came up, and an angry discussion took place. From words the disputants came to blows, the clergyman attacking his churchwarden in "scientific" style. He had, however, the fight all his own way, for the churchwarden forbore to retaliate. The rev. combatant has frequently boasted of his prowess and ability.

"By pugilistic blows and knocks
To prove his practice orthodox."

The subject will probably be further heard of as a case of assault and brawling on consecrated ground in an ecclesiastical court, or in one of the courts of civil law. Some of the parishioners think of presenting the rev. gentleman with a set of boxing-gloves as a suitable memento of their appreciation of his lengthened and consistent services.—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

CHARGES AGAINST A POLICE-CONSTABLE.—On Tuesday morning last, one of the Aberdeen night constables, Alexander Glennie, on reporting himself at the office on leaving duty, was detained by the lieutenant on duty, and was informed that there was a charge of theft or reset of theft against him, and that his house must be searched. This operation was immediately proceeded with, and the result was the discovery of an almost incredible quantity of shop goods of various kinds, including jars and bottles of brandy, sherry, gin, whisky, cordials, &c., down to vinegar and similar fluids. In short, of the various kinds of liquor in some dozens of bottles and five or six wicked "greybeards," the total quantity amounts to between thirty and forty gallons. There were also "soft goods," including some of the finer articles of ladies' wearing apparel, the selection in this department ranging from cards of pins up to a lady's plaid worth ten guineas, and the value of the articles amounting to some £50. There was also a miscellaneous collection, including sundries, from boxes of "Vesta" matches up to carpenter's tools. It is estimated that the total value of the articles seized in the search will amount to £120 or so. The case is meanwhile undergoing a thorough investigation, and Glennie remains in custody.—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLOOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. Prospectus free on application at No 135, Regent-street. Advertisement.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

A TROUT has lived in the well of the farm of Alton, Inceh, for thirty years. When put there thirty years ago it was of an ordinary size; now it is a foot long, is correspondingly thick, and resembles a mackerel.

ROOK, THE CELEBRATED ROBBER.

Now ready, price 6d., post-free 7d., Part 3 of the Original Tale, entitled,

ROOK THE ROBBER;

OR,

LONDON FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Written by the Author of "The Daughter of Midnight," &c., and Illustrated by W. M. Thwaites.

The remarkable career of crime, daring deeds, wonderful escapes, and episodes in this man's life, who was for years known as "the terror of London," are now for the first time published, and form one of the most exciting and thrilling stories ever brought before the public.

London: J. Dick, 313, Strand.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

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PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICK, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICK, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a plain wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

FERRY.—The first steamboat to Gravesend was the Margery, started in 1815. Soon after, the usual fare was 2s. and 3s.

ENNA.—The term stationery, given to paper, pens, ink, &c., is derived from these articles being formerly disposed of at stalls or stations.

R. F. T.—During the Heptarchy, murder was only punished by fines. So late as the reign of Henry VIII, murders in Wales were compounded.

M. W.—The manufacture of plate glass in Lancashire first began in 1778. W. D.—The founder of Guy's Hospital, Thomas Guy, was a London bookseller. He realized nearly half a million, chiefly by the sale of Bibles. He died in 1744.

M. C.—No license is required for music and dancing if for an academy alone.

ARTIST.—The first engraving on wood of which there is any record in Europe, is that of the ancient "Actions of Alexander," by the two Cunios, executed in 1285, or 1286. The engravings are eight in number, and in size about nine inches by six.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

D.	D.		H. W. L.
			A. M. P. M.
9	S	Royal Exchange burnt, 1838	1 37 2 2
10	S	First Sunday after Epiphany	2 26 2 51
11	M	Hilary Term begins	3 15 3 39
12	T	First Public Lottery, 1569	4 1 4 25
13	W	Cambridge Term begins	4 50 5 12
14	T	Oxld. T. begins. Orsini fired at Nap., 1858	5 34 5 57
15	F	Insurrection in Poland, 1863	6 19 6 42

Moon changes, new moon, 9d. 7h. 46m. A.M.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Isaiah 44; St. Matthew 8.

AFTERNOON.

Isaiah 46; Romans 8.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

In estimating the probabilities of peace or war in Europe, the Emperor of the French declares his confidence in the conciliatory spirit of the Sovereigns. For a ruler whose throne is professedly based upon the suffrages of a democracy, this idea of entrusting the destiny of nations to the benevolent impulses of a few imperial or royal personages may perhaps be considered a somewhat incongruous parody of the monarchical principle. Where a conciliatory spirit is to be found at the present moment is the enigma which presents itself to ordinary mortals. Is it in the Sovereign who is paving Poland with his good intentions, and making it the graveyard of a murdered people? Is it in the Sovereign whose pride will listen to no terms for the honourable ransom of a ruinous province groaning in subjection to a hated yoke? Is it in the Sovereign who would violate a treaty and despoil a weaker neighbour if by such means his royal prerogative could be stretched and the public liberties be shortened at home? Is it in the Sovereign who, instead of generously avenging the disgrace of the Treaty of Campo Formio, and the betrayal of Poland by the founder of his dynasty, holds the Pope in pawn for the dependence of Italy, and imposes by force of arms a Marquez and a Miramon upon the people of Mexico? Is it in either of the three partitioners of Poland, or in the Sovereign who keeps his nearest neighbours and allies in armed suspicion, and all his friends and enemies alike in a constant fever of mistrust? To say the truth, the conciliatory spirit in which the Emperor Napoleon confides is not easily discernible in the foreign policy of any European sovereign. If, indeed, the powerful speaker, whose lively imagination on New Year's-day beholds in every big or little prince a benignant dreamer, in pursuit of universal peace under difficulties, was not still harping on his fond conception of a Congress of doves under the eagle's wing, he must have been indulging in a little of that harmless "irony" at which his agents prick up their ears in wrath when they meet it in a newspaper. The Address of the Corps Legislatif, in reply to the Speech from the throne, concludes with a very sensible and timely argument for peace and liberty. France, it says, fears no aggression, and has no other ambition than to ensure her repose and develop her material welfare by labour and peace, and her moral welfare by the sincere and gradual practice of civil and political liberties. Nothing can be sounder or truer

than these words; they will be received with satisfaction and respect throughout Europe. Indeed, they are worth, be it said with all respect, any number of imperial compliments to the conciliatory spirit of the Sovereigns; because, as it cannot too often be insisted, it is in the power of the Legislative Corps, fortified and sustained by the rising spirit of national liberty out of doors, and fortifying and maintaining it by their own courage and independence as representatives of the people, to prove to the world that France has a Government that can bear to be discussed. To say that "when France is contented Europe is tranquil" is no empty boast. No European State or people can compare with France in the possession of enormous powers of mischief and aggression; no State or people can surpass her in the power of advancing the highest interests of the human race by the example of her splendid and aspiring genius.

INSANITY, which can be pleaded in bar of execution, and thus protect a convicted criminal from the consequences of his acts, is a disorder which hardly admits of adequate definition, and which in all probability is but imperfectly understood. "Brain difficulties" and "obscure disorders of the brain" have recently formed new subjects of scientific study. It is not to be denied that this study has enlarged our knowledge of truth. Making all necessary abatements for the natural exaggeration of theorists, we may still allow that insanity has been shown to be really a more complex and inscrutable thing than it was considered when the law upon the matter was last laid down. It would be vain to deny that considerable misgivings were felt respecting the reprieve of the convict Townley. The uncertainties originally thought to affect the case itself were complicated by suggestions arising from the social advantages of the prisoner. It was questioned whether a man less favourably circumstanced would have got the same benefit, however justly accorded, from the ambiguous condition of his brain. But what would practically be the fate of a convict who, being neither more nor less mad than Townley was, had neither friends to investigate his congenital tendencies nor money to defray the costs of scientific expositions? Suppose a man was found guilty of such a crime as that of which Townley was convicted. He has, we will say, no means to put any other machinery in motion, and no friends to stir in his behalf. Nobody can tell who his grandfather was, still less whether this ancestor was insane or eccentric. Nobody feels called upon to institute any inquiry into the past or present condition of his brain. He did not appear insane at the trial, and was not thought by the jury to have been insane at the time of the act. Let us suppose him, then, lying in prison under sentence of death, and compare his case with one differing in nothing but the worldly means of the offender. It is obvious that one may escape while the other suffers, and that the difference may be due to position alone. We are not so much as insinuating that the reprieve may be unmerited; on the contrary, our argument is strengthened by the assumption that it was deserved. The result is that though justice, and only justice, falls to the lot of the rich, less than justice may fall to the lot of the poor.

A GIRL SEIZED BY A LIONESS AT A MENAGERIE.

ON Saturday evening, between eight and nine o'clock, an accident took place at Edmond's (late Wombwell's) Menagerie, now exhibiting at Kingsland-green, which caused the greatest consternation to those who were present. During the performances fearfully loud shrieks were heard from that part of the show where the lion cages are, and the audience were horror-stricken to see that the lioness had a girl about thirteen years of age in its claws, and was dragging her up to the bars of the cage. In an instant the lion tamer, an Indian who exhibits with the collection, went to the front of the cage, and with the greatest coolness and courage beat the beast about the feet, and forced it to relinquish its hold of the girl, but not until she had been very much lacerated about the arms and left side of the head. She was immediately taken to the surgery of Dr. Donnelly, who at once advised her removal to the German Hospital, where she was immediately attended by Dr. Besamber, who ascertained that she was very much injured about the side of the head and one of her arms. It was ascertained that her name was Sophia Moorhead, that she lived with her parents at Spencer-terrace, Spencer-road, Hornsey New-town, and that she had gone there with her friends, and it appeared that from some cause not ascertained that she incautiously got within the ropes in front of the lions and tigers' cages, and that the lioness had forced her paws out flatways, and caught hold of her bonnet, and that the girl, putting up her hand to protect herself, had that seized by the other paw of the lioness, and had it not been for the assistance which was immediately rendered, the consequence would have been fatal. No blame is attributable to the proprietor of the menagerie, for every precaution is used to keep persons from getting near the cages where the beasts are at all dangerous. Cautionary placards are placed in all parts of the show, and in front of those dens there is run up a double set of ropes, at least four feet from the bars, and about five feet from the ground.

SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE.—A shocking outrage was committed a few days ago on a highly respectable young woman named Thomas, residing at Shirley, in Hants. She was crossing Southampton-common on her way home before dusk, when a miscreant came behind, and caught hold of her, and dragged her towards a ditch. A desperate struggle ensued, but the poor girl was overpowered, and the fellow effected his purpose and got clear off. The Mayor of Southampton has just offered a reward of £50 for his apprehension. Southampton-common is of great extent, is wooded like a gentleman's park, and used to be a resort for ladies and children. Late years, however, it has been infested by beggars, thieves, and ticket-of-leave men, and no woman or child can wander off the high road without being exposed to outrage. A policeman is scarcely ever seen except in the main road.

GOOD SERVICE PENSIONS.—Pensions of £100 a-year for distinguished or meritorious services have been conferred on Colonel Muller, of the 20th Depot Battalion; Colonel Waddy, O.B., of the 50th Regiment; Colonel McIntyre, O.B., of the 78th Highlanders; and Colonel Budd, of the 14th Regiment. Colonel Muller is an officer of nearly forty-four years' service, and was with the 1st Royals in the Burmese war. Colonel Waddy has been thirty-one years in the army. He was with the 50th at the battle of Punniar, commanded the regiment in the Crimea, and is now on his way to New Zealand with it. Colonel McIntyre entered the army in 1825, and very much distinguished himself in the Persian war of 1857, and during the operations for the suppression of the Indian mutiny, including Havelock's advance upon Lucknow and the defence of the Alumbagh, until the garrison was effectually relieved. Colonel Budd has been nearly thirty-nine years in the army, and was with the 14th Regiment in the Crimea.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

The Observer believes that parliament will meet for the "despatch of business" on Thursday, the 4th of February.

General News.

THE Elector of Hesse, the German journals state, lately proposed to place his son, Prince Frederick of Hanau, under the control of a judicial council. The prince has addressed a protest against that measure to M. Abee, minister of the Electoral house. In that document he declares that the faults of which he is accused must be attributed to his bad education. He also menaces his father with certain disclosures of a grave character, if the latter does not abandon his project. The Elector seems to have ceded to the language of his son.—*Galignani*.

A LETTER from Liege states that there has not been for a long time past so great a demand for firearms in that town. Agents from several foreign Governments, particularly the Italian, are at present at Liege, pressing the manufacturers to complete their contracts.

A HUGE balloon is being constructed in Paris, to be called the Eagle, in honour of the Emperor, with whose arms it is to be decorated. Four gigantic eagles are to extend their wings over its vast circumference. The wings of each eagle measure 5 ft. in extent. The circular wicker car is 12 ft. in diameter. A stove 6 ft. in diameter is placed in the centre, which is to heat the air by which the balloon is to be raised. Twenty people may sit at ease in the car, which is to be attached to the balloon by chains, and not by ropes. The seams of the balloon are not less than seventeen miles long, and 100 women have been employed in stitching them for two months. The balloon is to be exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie, but it cannot be fully inflated there, as it would be twice as high as the building.

WE have to record the death of Viscount Valentia, which event occurred at Bletchington Park, near Woodstock. The deceased nobleman, Arthur Annesley, Viscount Valentia, county Kerry, Baron Mountnorris, of Mountnorris Castle, county Armagh, and premier baronet of Ireland, born Nov. 30, 1785, was the eldest son of Mr. Arthur Annesley, of Bletchington Park, Oxon (fourth in descent from the Hon. Francis, sixth son of Francis, first viscount), by Catherine, daughter and heir of Admiral Sir Charles Hardy. On the death of George, second Earl of Mountnorris, in July, 1844, he succeeded to the original Irish titles conferred in 1622 and 1628. The deceased married in August, 1808, Eleanor, daughter of Mr. Henry O'Brien, of Blatherwick Park, Northants, by whom, who died in June, 1843, his lordship had a large family. He is succeeded in the family honours by his grandson, Arthur, only son of the late Hon. Arthur Annesley, born 1842.

A YANKEE horse-tamer, operating recently in the western part of the State of New York, tamed one so well in Rochester that he drove him out of town, and his owner has not seen him since.—*American Paper*.

THE mortality betwixt the ages of forty-five and fifty-five amongst the whole population of England is at the rate of eighteen in the 1,000; while amongst publicans it is twenty-eight.—*Theodore's Temperance Almanac*.

ON Sunday night the special Sunday evening services were resumed in the metropolitan Cathedral, and the Bishop of London preached a sermon on the occasion to about 3,000 people assembled in the dome area.

ON the first night of the New Year about 100 of the English working classes in Paris were present at an entertainment given in a school-room in connexion with the English Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau. After an excellent and substantial tea, several pieces of music were very well sung by the English Choral Society. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. E. Forbes and the Rev. J. F. Serjeant, and a number of volumes of the "British Workman," besides suitable tracts and almanacs for the New Year, were distributed. The proceedings were wound up by all joining heartily in singing "God Save the Queen."

THE Maharajah Duleep Singh, who recently purchased an estate in Norfolk, has presented £50 to each of the parishes over which it extends, with a view to its being distributed among the poor. The Maharajah is fond of field sports, and endeavours in every respect to make himself popular as an English country gentleman.

A LETTER from Brest, in the *Journal du Havre*, states that the Confederate corvette Florida, having completed her repairs, has anchored in the roadstead about 200 yards distant from the Federal corvette Kearsage. The former will commence her experimental trips on the 10th, and proceed to sea in the early part of February. A French vessel of war will conduct the two corvettes beyond the limits of the French waters, putting an interval of twenty-four hours between the departure of each, in conformity with the regulations of international law.

ADVICES were received on Saturday, reporting the supposed loss, as it was believed, of a large passenger ship in the vicinity of the Orkneys. The wreck has the appearance of having been a large class vessel, but nothing has been communicated as to her name. A number of dead bodies are stated to have been found in a kind of cave, as if washed in by the sea. A quantity of wreck has also been cast ashore.

ACCOUNTS have been received in the Tyne of further losses in the great gale of last year of ships belonging to the port of Shields. It is said that 200 hands belonging to Tyne ships have perished since the beginning of October, and many have widows and orphans left, destitute in consequence. By far the greater portion of the loss took place in the gale of which we have here so lively a remembrance.

THE Cathedral at Berlin has just received a gift on the occasion of the erection of a new marble altar. The gift alluded to is an embroidered altar-cloth, which was presented by the Queen of Prussia at whose desire all the princesses of the royal family took part in the manufacture of the offering, and each division bears the initials of the princess by whose hand that particular portion was executed.

WHILE President Lincoln was confined to his house with the small-pox, some friends called to sympathize with him, especially on the character of his disease. "Yes," he said, "it is a bad disease, but it has its advantages. For the first time since I have been in office I have something new to give to everybody that calls."

EARLY after the announcement that Dr. French would be the new Archbishop of Dublin, the Rev. Dr. Lee was in his rooms in college when a gentleman entered, and in a quiet way said, "I presume, sir, you are the Rev. Dr. Lee?" The other answered he was. "I wish," rejoined the stranger, "you to preach my consecration sermon, and," he added, "to confer the favour on me of becoming my chaplain." Then, and for the first time, Dr. Lee saw before him the archbishop-designate. They were total strangers to each other. Dr. French admired the writings of Dr. Lee on "Inspiration," &c., so much that he selected the fellow of T.C.D. as his chaplain solely upon the evidences of merit they afforded.

THE Paris *Droit* states that the preparation of the bill of indictment against the physician accused of having poisoned his wife in order to obtain £2,000 from an insurance company is entrusted to M. Gouet, one of the magistrates of the Imperial Court of Paris. Orders have been given that the trial may take place with as little delay as possible. The case would have been already set down for trial but for the discovery of fresh evidence, which requires time for investigation.

WHITELAND Lodge, the seat of Lord Southampton, near Towcester, Northampton, was totally destroyed by fire early on Sunday morning. The flames made such rapid progress that none of the valuable contents of the mansion were saved; and the noble lord and his lady and infant daughter narrowly escaped with their lives.

The Court.

ON Saturday afternoon their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their suite, embarked from Osborne House on board the royal yacht Fairy, and crossed to Portsmouth Harbour, disembarking at the Royal Clarence Victualling-yard, where a special train was in waiting to convey them to Windsor. The arrival at and departure from Portsmouth of their royal highnesses was conducted with the strictest privacy.

Their royal highnesses reached Windsor at half-past four o'clock. General Knollys was in attendance on the Prince, and the Countess of Macclesfield was in attendance on the Princess of Wales. A large number of the inhabitants assembled on the platform to witness the arrival of their royal highnesses, who appeared in excellent health, and bowed affably as they passed along the platform to the Queen's waiting-room. There was no guard of honour, and their royal highnesses and suite, occupying two carriages only, proceeded through the town to Frogmore Lodge whilst merry peals were sent forth from the bells of St. George and St. John's churches.

On Sunday their royal highnesses attended Divine service at the Chapel Royal St. George's, attended by the Countess of Macclesfield, General Knollys, and several other gentlemen of their suite. The Prince occupied his own stall as Knight of the Garter, and the Princess occupied the adjoining stall.

The Queen has conferred the appointment of Court-Newsman—vacant by the resignation of Mr. Doane—upon Mr. Thomas Beard, long and honourably known in connection with the London press.

Prince Alfred, attended by Major Cowell, left Osborne, on Monday, on his return to Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND THE POPE.

THE following correspondence between the Pope and President Davis is published in *La France*:—

"Richmond, Sept. 23, 1863.
"Very Venerable Sovereign Pontiff.—The letters which you have written to the clergy of New Orleans and New York have been communicated to me, and I have read with emotion the deep grief therein expressed for the ruin and devastation caused by the war which is now being waged by the United States against the States and people which have selected me as their President, and your orders to your clergy to exhort the people to peace and charity. It is for this reason that I feel it my duty to express personally and in the name of the Confederate States, our gratitude for such sentiments of Christian good feeling and love, and to assure your Holiness that the people, threatened even on their own hearths with the most cruel oppression and terrible carnage, is desirous now, as it has always been, to see the end of this impious war; that we have ever addressed prayers to heaven for that issue which your Holiness now desires; that we desire none of our enemy's possessions, but that we fight merely to resist the devastation of our country and the shedding of our best blood, and to force them to let us live in peace under the protection of our institutions, and under our laws, which not only ensure to every one the enjoyment of his temporal rights, but also the free exercise of his religion.
"I pray your Holiness to accept, on the part of myself and the people of the Confederate States, our sincere thanks for your efforts in favour of peace. May the Lord preserve the days of your Holiness, and keep you under his Divine protection."

"JEFFERSON DAVIS,
"President of the Confederate States of South America."

To this the Pope replied in the following letter:—
"Illustrious and Honourable President, salutation.—We have just received, with all suitable welcome, the persons sent by you to place in our hands your letter dated the 13th of September last. Not slight was the pleasure we experienced when we learnt from these persons and the letter with what feelings of joy and gratitude you were animated, illustrious and honourable President, as soon as you were informed of our letters to our venerable brothers John Archbishop of New York and John Archbishop of New Orleans, dated the 18th of October of last year, and in which we have with all our strength excited and exhorted these venerable brothers that in their episcopal piety and solicitude they should endeavour with the most ardent zeal, and in our name, to bring about the end of the fatal civil war which has broken out in those countries, in order that the American people may obtain peace and concord and dwell charitably together. It is particularly agreeable to us to see that you, illustrious and honourable President, and your people, are animated with the same desires of peace and tranquillity which we have in our letters inculcated upon our venerable brothers. May it please God at the same time to make the other peoples of America and their rulers, reflecting seriously how terrible is civil war, and what calamities it engenders, listen to the inspirations of a calmer spirit, and adopt resolutely the part of peace! As for us, we shall not cease to offer up the most fervent prayers to God Almighty that He may pour out upon the peoples of America the spirit of peace and charity, and that He will stop the great evils which afflict them. We, at the same time, beseech the God of mercy and pity to shed abroad upon you the light of His grace, and attach you to us by a perfect friendship.
"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 3rd of December, 1863, of our Pontificate 18.
"PIUS IX."

A PASSAGE OF ARMS.—The American war has brought forth a great deal of word-painting, and a rather curious collection of battle scenes might be made. The following description of an incident at Chancellorsville, from the pen of the correspondent of the *Chicago Journal*, might obtain a corner in such a compilation:—

"It was near four o'clock on that blazing afternoon, when a part of General Steedman's division of the reserve corps bowed their heads to the hurrying storm of lead as if it had been rain, and betrayed signs of breaking. The line wavered like a great flag in a breath of wind. They were as splendid material as ever shouldered a musket, but, then, what could they do in such a blinding tempest? General Steedman rode up, took the flag from the colour-bearer, glanced along the wavering front, and with that voice of his that could talk against a small rattle of musketry, cried out, 'Go back, boys, go back; but the flag can't go with you!' grasped the staff, wheeled his horse, and rode on. Must I tell you that the column closed up and grew firm, and moved resistlessly on like a great strong river, and swept down upon the foe, and made a record that shall live when their graves are as empty as the cave of Macbeth?"

PRIZE DESIGNS.—"Undoubtedly, however, the finest show in this respect is made by Benson, who offered prizes for designs for watch-cases at the South Kensington Museum, and who by this means has secured some of the most exquisite ornamental details for watch-cases that are shown in the building."—*Times*, May 7, 1862. Chronometer, duplex, lever, horizontal, repeaters, centre second; keyless, split seconds, and every description of watch, adapted to all climates. Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Watches (free by post for two stamps) contains a short history of watchmaking, with prices from three to 200 guineas each. It acts as a guide in the purchase of a watch, and enables those who live in any part of the world to select a watch, and have it sent safe by post. Prize Medal and Honourable Mention, Classes 58 and 15. J. W. Benson, 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and Clock Maker, by Special Warrant of Appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. [Advertisement.]

FEMALE FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

[From *Le Follet*.]

THE favour with which plaid has been received is decidedly diminishing. Still the collets of plaid velvet, with fringe to match, are worn, although now rather an exceptional than a reigning fashion as formerly. They are more generally made of cloth or milled flannel, in patterns of wide black checks upon a violet or green ground, with chenille fringe of the two colours. Small paletots are also made of the same materials, and trimmed with fringe. Velvet robes in black, violet, or blue, as also in striped plush, are equally fashionable.

Besides those of cloth or velvet, mantles of silk, lined and wadded, trimmed with wide guipure or passementerie mixed with beads, are worn, but although very pretty, they are scarcely so suitable to the weather as materials of warmer appearance. A half fitting cascade of Lyons cloth with a rouleau of fur has a very stylish effect.

Fur is admissible as a trimming, even for full dress, though, of course, then only worn by ladies who do not dance.

Satin or velvet dresses of light colours are being made with trimmings of ermine, swan's-down, or grebe round the bottom of the skirt, and sometimes also on the body. They have an exceedingly rich and elegant appearance.

Satin brocatelle or velourine is occasionally made with quite plain skirts. When trimmed it must be either with fur, feathers, or lace. Upon a dress of Mexico blue or Empress mauve satin, two or three bands of feathers produce a splendid effect. Lace, also, is very much used with satin, and there are some exquisite lace tunics made for this purpose. Guipure is not so effective as Chantilly.

Ruches, flounces with narrow satin trimmings, butterfly bows, medallions, leaves of lace, and especially passementerie, are worn as trimmings this winter. Passementerie are in great favour for vests, which are trimmed with bands of it, forming braces. Upon Figaro vests, the chief elegance is in the epaulettes with jet beads ended with hanging ornaments. These are now made long and narrow, very much ornamented with embroidery of passementerie, terminating with a cut jet ornament. For visiting dress in rich materials, some persons have adopted the fashion of having the skirt made perfectly plain.

Moires of a very large water are very much in vogue, especially the short moires. Those with a black ground and wide plaid satin stripes are also very handsome. A similar pattern is made in taffetas.

Violet and dark grey are the colours most preferred for walking dresses. Those in cachemire patterns of palms, or arabesques upon stripes, are reserved for morning-at-home dress. Foulards, with white ground and coloured bouquets or stripes, are charming for evening dress.

The bonnets of the present season ought to please, we think, the most fastidious ladies, as they are so exceedingly becoming, being just large enough to form a framework round the face, and trimmed both inside and out without any exaggeration; so that we are almost tempted to wish they would remain as they are.

AN INTELLIGENT PARROT IN A LAW COURT.—A man lost a favourite parrot, which was discovered in the possession of another person, who refused to give it up. He was accordingly summoned to produce the bird in a court of law. The real owner, on being asked how he could prove that the bird belonged to him, replied that the parrot should be his only witness. It was then brought into court in a cage covered with a cloth, and began to whistle the tune to "Take your time, Miss Lucy," while some subject was being discussed in court. Its owner then put his face to the cage, and desired the parrot to kiss him, which the bird then did most affectionately. "He will do the same to any one," said the defendant, and, putting his mouth to the cage, the parrot seized his lip and bit it severely, to the great amusement of the court. Its owner then took it out of the cage and kept it on his hand, when the bird answered several questions put to it in a ready and extraordinary manner, and also showed so much affection for its master that the judge immediately ordered the parrot to be restored to him, and the defendant had to pay all expenses.—*West Sussex Gazette*.

A CHILD POISONED BY MISTAKE.—The Wigam borough coroner opened an inquiry into the circumstances touching the death of the infant daughter of Mr. Henry Farr, coachbuilder, of that town, on Saturday, and which had been occasioned by a dose of laudanum administered to it by its mother in mistake for tincture of rhubarb. The child was sitting on Wednesday week, and Mr. Farr sent one of his boys to the shop of Mr. Kellett, the proprietor of an old-established drug business, for three pennyworth of tincture of rhubarb. The lad received a bottle containing what purported to be the tincture.—Mr. Kellett himself having measured out the mixture—and from this on the following day Mrs. Farr gave about half a teaspoonful to her child. It went to sleep soon after, and began to exhibit symptoms of being narcotized; a surgeon was sent for, and he found, on examining the phial, that it contained a quantity of pure laudanum, almost an ounce. The child died in a few hours. Mr. Kellett, who, with an attorney, was present during the investigation, did not deny serving the lad, but was unable to account for having given laudanum. In reply to a juror, he said that the bottle containing the tincture of rhubarb and laudanum were within one or two of each other on the shelf. The verdict of the jury was to the effect: "That death had resulted from a dose of laudanum given in mistake, and thus Mr. Kellett was exonerated from criminal liability;" but the foreman desired to say, in the name of the jury, that in their opinion bottles containing poisonous drugs ought, under no circumstances, to be near those containing medicines in hourly requisition. They thought, too, that labels ought to be in English, and plainly printed so that mistakes should be less liable to occur.

A VESSEL CARRIED OVER THE NIAGARA FALLS.—An obliging correspondent at Chippawa sends us an account of a melancholy occurrence which took place on the Niagara river on Monday last, which resulted in the death of one man by being carried over the Fall, and caused imminent peril to five others, as well as the loss of a small vessel. About eleven o'clock in the morning the steamer A. D. Griffin, of Buffalo, reached that port, having in tow two scows, the Abby and the A. Murray, of Port Robinson. The captain of the steamer, not knowing the depth of water, kept too far into the river with not sufficient steam to keep headway on the scows. One of the latter, the A. Murray, striking against the spiles at the entrance of the Harbour, swung round with the current almost into the jaws of the mighty cataract. The captain and four men who were on board, seeing the helpless position into which the vessel had got, and the great peril with which they were threatened—being within less than five minutes' distance from the great fall—leaped from the vessel and boldly struck for shore. Four of them, the captain included, succeeded by great exertions in maintaining themselves above the surface; but, sad to relate, the fifth sank amid the leaping and boiling waters, and was carried over the cataract. In the meantime a boat, manned by two brave men, shot out from the mouth of Welland River to the assistance of the helpless beings in the scow. The carmen, Messrs. F. Lagan, jun., and George Morse, pulled boldly and swiftly out, rescued the men from their perilous position, and succeeded in reaching the shore just above the first rapid. One minute more and they would have been carried over the falls to the great gulf below. Too much praise cannot be given to the men by whose presence of mind and courage four human beings were thus rescued from destruction. The scow glided along the stream till it reached the rock almost on the brink of the cataract, where its course was stopped, and where it will probably remain till broken up by the ice in the spring.—*Toronto Leader*.



TWELFTH NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY.—DRAWN BY HABLETT K. BROWNE (PHIZ).



TWELFTH NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY.—DRAWN BY HABLETT K. BROWNE (PHIZ).

Theatricals, Music, etc.

THE THEATRES have all been exceedingly well attended. The whole of the pantomimes are in perfect working order; and although the audiences have now had an opportunity of visiting several of these wondrous scenic displays, they are still at a loss to proclaim which is absolutely the best, so varied and attractive are the beauties of each and all of them.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Under the title of "Fanchette," a new operetta was produced here on Monday evening last, with decided success. It is not, however, new as regards a great portion of the words, several of the songs and the plot being reconstructed from Mr. Morton's musical farce of "The Trumpeter's Wedding," produced at the Haymarket some ten years since. All the humour of the original farce has been retained, with judicious additions, and with the very pretty, and in some measure masterly music, by Mr. W. C. Levey, one of the most charming and amusing operettas we have had for some time has been produced. The overture is particularly brilliant, sparkling, and effective—so much so, indeed, as to call for an encore. Miss Louisa Pyne sustained the pretty, bewitching Fanchette with even more than usual spirit, and appeared in exquisite voice. "The village maid sighs" was one of her first songs, delightfully sung; and again in a trio with Mr. H. Corri and Mr. Aynsley Cook, "I'm out of breath," and in the succeeding song, "How sad all nature seems to be," these were beautifully rendered. Mr. W. Harrison secured a rapturous encore for "Look, there is joy." Another effective trio by Mr. Harrison, Miss Pyne, and Mr. H. Corri, "My uncle here," was also encored. A brilliant chorus, "Many, many years," was rendered with much spirit; also a well-constructed quartet, "There's no one here," by Miss Pyne, Miss Thirlwall, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. H. Corri. The characters were most efficiently sustained, and all the principals were called for at the fall of the curtain, followed by a unanimous summons for Mr. W. C. Levey, who was received with a hearty ovation. We need scarcely add that the pantomime increases in attraction. The admirable burlesque acting of Mr. W. H. Pyne and Mr. F. Pyne, and the brilliant transformation scene by Mr. T. Grieve, cannot fail in drawing crowded audiences for many weeks to come.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—On our front page we have much pleasure in presenting an engraving of the famous Christmas Tree at the Crystal Palace. It must be approaching one hundred feet in height, and is profusely hung with thousands of toys, bon-bons, flags, &c. The effect of the *tout ensemble* at night is very striking, the tree being brilliantly lighted, as well as the stalls, at the end of a long vista illuminated by jets of gas and by large chandeliers; and the whole floor filled with a moving crowd of holiday-makers, all jostling each other, and all good-humoured, each bent on enjoying himself, and pleased that others should do likewise. The performances have commenced by the time-honoured exhibition of Punch and Judy, repeated at intervals during the day. Mr. Framp-ton revived his juvenile ballet, entitled "Marriage à la Mode," a pretty entertainment. There are juggling tricks by Signor Langlois Velocimane; and a burlesque extravaganza, founded on the custom of the Dunmow fitch of bacon, in which the D'Aubans perform. There are gymnastic feats and posturing of all sorts by clever children, and the whole is wound up by a shadow pantomime by Mr. Nelson Lee, entitled "Harlequin Jack the Giant-killer," in which the clown and other performers are seen miraculously expanding and fitting up through the ceiling, to the astonishment and delight of the juvenile spectators. The arrangements reflect credit on Mr. Bowley, the company's indefatigable manager, and on their efficient secretary, Mr. Grove, who work so as to deserve the success upon which we heartily congratulate them. We must also add that the palace is hung with banners, and the galleries adorned with numerous devices and mottoes suitable to the season.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—This commodious building has been one of the most attractive during the Christmas holidays. Every evening thousands have been drawn to witness the brilliant feats of horsemanship, and other performances, now taking place under the extensive roof of this vast hall. The entertainment is as varied as it is attractive; and the unanimous verdict of all is that Messrs. Strange and Paley have made the most decided hit of the season. Mr. Gee led off with a dashing act of equestrianism on a bare-back steed, and a clever clown enlivened the performance; then the trained pony and Master Perks. Frank Pastor has been received with much enthusiasm in his summersaults on horseback; the brothers Oonard have given great satisfaction in their very amusing performances; and Harry Welby has astonished the multitude by his wonderful feats. An interval of ten minutes is occupied by Mr. Frederick Archer on Willis's grand organ. The second part of the programme was opened with an "equestrian manoeuvre" by twelve ladies and gentlemen. After which, M. Henri Francoant on his beautiful and highly-trained steed, Chanticleer. Anything more exquisitely graceful than the manner in which Chanticleer danced to the music it is impossible to conceive. Then comes a Roman chariot race, the chariots driven by Messrs. Mackett and Perks, and Madame de Mery. The race is most exciting, calling forth continuous laughter and applause. After this, Messrs. Mackett and Gee displayed wonderful agility on their bare-back steeds, and they are followed by a troupe of summersault throwers, remarkably clever. One threw sixty-three, and when he ceased was applauded with the utmost enthusiasm. A steeplechase and hurdle-race follows, very amusing. Then comes Crockett and his lions, a most exciting exhibition. The roars and savage looks of the lions are something terrible, yet Crockett plays with them as though they were kittens. The entertainment closes with a grand tournament, introducing 100 horses and 400 male and female performers. This part of the exhibition carries the mind back to the middle ages, the sports of which are reproduced. There are *jousts à l'outrance*. The Queen of Love and Beauty in a triumphal car, surrounded by hosts of pages and retainers. There is an encounter of the knights, and a general *melee*. The dying steeds and wounded knights are carried off upon a platform. The horses lie remarkably quiet while undergoing this unusual mode of conveyance, and the victorious knight carried off mounted—more remarkable still. The horses have been gathered from various celebrated studs of well-trained animals, and the exhibition will no doubt be one of the most attractive in the metropolis during the season which has been so auspiciously commenced.

GENERAL AMUSEMENTS.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, with their Opera di Camera of "Jenny Lee," have afforded excellent amusement for the holiday folks. They are assisted by Mr. Gaston Murray, who delivers the prologue, and the vocal portions by Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Poole, Mr. Whiffin, and Mr. Wilkinson, are delightfully given.—THE COLOSSEUM, under the management of Mr. A. Nimmo, keeps up the prestige of this vast establishment. The world-renowned panoramas of London by Day and Paris by Night, the cycloramas of Lisbon, with its stirring illustrations of the great earthquake of 1755, its stalactite caverns and Swiss cottages, are yet there to gratify the eye of the young and revive the pleasant recollections of their seniors. The season of Christmas has been celebrated by the production of a "Shadow Pantomime," on the favourite legend of Little Red Riding Hood, "Ye Goblin Wolfe," as it is termed. It is a capital application of the modern improvements in optical illusions, and is illustrated by Mr. George Buckland in an excellent manner. It is well worth a visit.—At HIGHBURY BARN, Mr. Giovannelli has a novelty in the shape of a ghost spectacle. It is entitled "Bosh Demond," a ghost story,

entirely represented by ghosts, under Professor Pepper's patent, and the puns, music, dancing, all come under the same ghostly influence. The Fairy Fountain is introduced, combining the double effect of the vision and the illuminated fountain at the same time; a floral scene ensues, with a fairy divertissement. This scene, by a series of mechanical effects, gives place to the grand finale. The vocal music, which abounds with popular airs, is under the supervision of Mr. Marriott, the musical director; the music of the ballet is by Mr. B. Isaacson; the dances by Mr. Milano; the burlesque invented and written by Mr. H. Hazlewood, jun., the stage manager.—At the EGYPTIAN HALL, an instructive treat has been afforded in Mr. Telbin's Diorama, illustrative of the tour made by the Prince of Wales in the East. It presents faithful pictorial delineations of countries that will never cease to excite curiosity and demand veneration. These pictures are produced from sketches taken by Mr. Telbin upon the spot. The "Celestial Vision" in the view of the Holy Sepulchre, is remarkably effective.—MADAME TESSAUD's exhibition has been more than usually crowded. The numerous novelties and the *tout ensemble* of the things with which the galleries are filled has attracted many hundreds of the patrons of the place and the searchers after holiday amusement.—The entertainments at the POLYTECHNIC are on a more extensive scale than those of any former season. We have a new lecture by J. L. King, on some of the most recent discoveries in the science of electricity. For the juveniles there is a new legendary extravaganza, entitled, "St. George and the Dragon; or, the Seven Champions of England." The laughable Shadow Pantomime, and exhibition of Chinese fireworks by optical means. There is also the giant Christmas Tree. Mr. Stokes gives his lecture on "Memory." Mlle. Carvalho also gives her new musical, vocal, organophonic, and ventriloquist entertainment. Professor Pepper gives a very useful and instructive lecture, entitled, "Burning to Death, and Saving from Death," in which is shown how the fatal results from the use of crinolines may be avoided. Herr Susman continues to give his clever imitations of birds and animals, and still divides the applause with the rest of the entertainers. The chief attraction, however, is the fairy tale of "Beauty and the Beast," illustrated by dissolving views, among which there are three ghost scenes and the illuminated chromatic fountain.—THE MUSIC HALLS have also been extensively supported during the past two weeks. One of the newest, "The Regent," Westminster, is a magnificent place, and exceedingly well conducted, while the programme embraces the very best talent in the metropolis.

TWELFTH-NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY.

NEXT to the merry rejoicings and happy gatherings round the old fire-side on Christmas Day, give us the private country ball on Twelfth Night, or the night of old Christmas Day. 'Tis almost the last of Christmas: festivities and Christmas parties. Many a couple have met on those rare, jolly occasions during the past two weeks; have looked and sighed, and, not unlikely, kissed, beneath the mistletoe; but it remains for Twelfth Night ere, perhaps, they venture to breathe forth vows of eternal constancy, and all that. Of course we know nothing of these sort of vows, or what they whisper so modestly on these occasions. We never played the part of eavesdropper like that saucy, young, forward brother of Belinda's, who has stealthily drawn the curtains of a windowed recess, as shown in our illustration on page 472. Phiz knew all about it, doubtless; but what there is to laugh at in those down-cast looks of Belinda, or the evident trepidation of the bashful young man by her side, we are at a loss to conceive. He has, however, evidently "howled them out," and won't he keep it a secret, that's all! We have seen our sharp spectacle-nosed friend at many of those pleasant parties. He is the very essence of freezing politeness, and is almost afraid to come near his partner, even if her wide skirts were sufficiently limited to enable him to do so; but Podgers is the boy to keep the dance alive. He doesn't draw languidly, sliding through the figures. He likes to show off the style in which they used to do "pastorale," and he can do it and no mistake, although he has grown somewhat stout of late years. Our tall friend looks down upon him almost with surprise at the "exhibition." Fancy him doing that old dancing-master's step. One of the young ladies' *vis-à-vis* smiles behind her fan, and the other, to prevent her doing so, modestly bites a leaf or inhales the perfume from her beautiful bouquet. My Lord Dundreary, "Positively he—aw—can't dance; 'tis too—aw—awfully oppressive." Young Chawley Simkins has not long donned the dress coat. He is evidently trying his best with the two young beauties—"Will you honour me with your hand for the next dance?" which they do not seem inclined to do. Another young scion seems in the same predicament, while grandpapa is all in his glory with his little granddaughter.

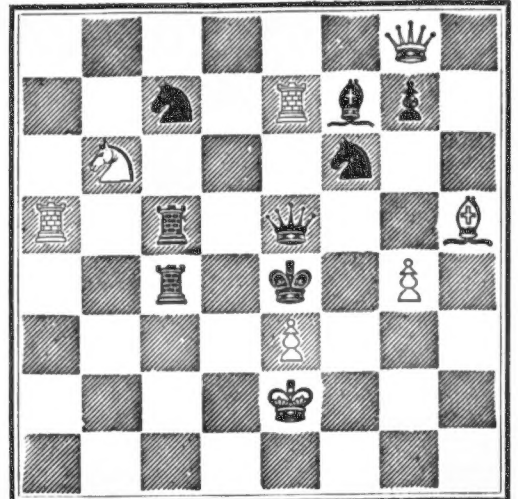
The decorations, too, are things not to be forgotten on Twelfth Night. The old family pictures, the chandeliers, brackets, time-piece, corners, and ceiling are all festooned upon bright colours, and with the bright smiles of the ladies, their gay and brilliant dresses, what could be more delightful? The two old gossips, the old ladies at cards, the positive debaters, &c.,—all these have been sketched off in a truthful manner by Phiz; and if our readers will turn to the large engraving which he has so vividly drawn, it may awaken up many reminiscences of past Twelfth Nights under the hospitable roof of a country friend.

A LOST SAILOR FOUND.—A seaman, belonging to Blyth, named James Ogle, suddenly disappeared, while his ship lay in the river Thames, upwards of two years ago. It was thought that he had fallen into the river and been drowned. The inference was strengthened by the facts that, with the exception of the suit he had on, he had left the whole of his outfit behind him, and the absence of any known cause for deception. Mrs. Ogle became chargeable to the township of Cowpen; and as her husband was a member of the Blyth Phoenix Society, she also applied for the "death money," and the annuity of £5, which is due to the widows of its members. The society would only consent to pay if two respectable householders could be got to enter into a bond to refund the money, should her husband again turn up, the rules of the society requiring this, or positive proof of the man's death. The "security" having been given, Mrs. Ogle's name was placed on the "widow's list," and all concerned thought that would be an end of the affair. However, the crew of the *Eliza*, of Blyth which arrived at that port a few days ago, announced that they had seen him alive, and "live like," at St. Nassau, on board a schooner belonging to Liverpool. The overseers of the township at once telegraphed a description of the man, with a request to have him arrested on the arrival of the schooner at Liverpool. A telegram was received announcing his capture. At first he flatly denied he was the man, and had done much to disguise himself. A "J. O." tattooed on his arm could not, however, be obliterated, and the determination of the officer to send him to Blyth, where he was "wanted," proved too much for him.

"OLD ARE'S" LAST.—A characteristic story of the President is narrated in a letter from Washington. When the telegram from Cumberland Gap reached Mr. Lincoln, that "firing was heard in the direction of Knoxville," he remarked that he was "glad of it." Some person present, who had the perils of Burnside's position uppermost in his mind, could not see why Mr. Lincoln should be "glad of it," and so expressed himself. "Why, you see," responded the President, "it reminds me of Mistress Sallie Ward, a neighbour of mine, who had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place, upon which Mistress Sallie would exclaim, 'There's one of 'em—'n't that isn't dead yet!'"—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 152.—By W. G.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

We are indebted to Mr. Wormald for the following interesting game between Messrs. Kolisch and Barnes:—

[EVANS'S GAMBIT]

White.
Mr. K.

1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4
5. P to Q B 3
6. P to Q 4
7. Castles
8. Q to Q Kt 3
9. P to K 5 (a)
10. R to K square
11. B to K Kt 5
12. B takes K Kt
13. Kt takes K P (c)
14. B to Q Kt 5 (ch)
15. Q takes K B P (ch)
16. Kt takes Q B P (ch)
17. B takes Kt
18. Q takes K Kt P
19. P takes Q P
20. Q to K Kt 5 (ch)
21. Q takes B (ch)
22. P to Q 5 (ch)
23. Kt to Q B 3
24. Q to Q B 4 (ch)
25. Kt to Q Kt 5
26. Q to Q B 2
27. Q R to Q square
28. P to Q 6
29. Q to Q B 7 (ch) (f)
30. P takes R (ch)
31. R to K 8 (ch)
32. R takes R
33. R takes R P (ch)

Black.
Mr. B.

1. P to K 4
2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. B takes P
5. B to Q R 4
6. P takes P
7. P to Q 8
8. Q to K B 3
9. P takes K P
10. K Kt to K 2 (b)
11. Q to K Kt 3
12. Kt takes B
13. Q to Q Kt 3
14. P to Q B 3
15. K to Q square
16. Kt takes Kt
17. Q to Q B 4
18. R to K B square
19. Q to Q 3 (d)
20. K to B 2
21. K takes B
22. K to Q 2
23. P to Q Kt 3
24. K to Q square
25. Q to K B 3
26. R to K B 2
27. B to Q Kt 2
28. B takes K Kt P (e)
29. R takes Q
30. K to Q B square
31. K to Kt 2
32. B to K B 6

Black resigns.

(a) We rather prefer 9. P takes Q P. The move in the text is more efficient when the adverse Queen has been played to K 2.
(b) Better, perhaps, to have retired the Bishop to Q Kt 3.
(c) White might apparently have won a piece by 14. Q to Q R 4 (ch); and, on the Knight interposing, 15. Kt takes K P, &c.
(d) If 20. Q to Q Kt 5, White replies with 21. P to Q R 3.
(e) A last forlorn hope of escaping with a drawn game.
(f) The terminating moves are very cleverly played by Mr. Kolisch.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 145.

1. Kt to Q 5 (ch)
2. Q to K B 3 (ch)
3. B mates

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 146.

1. P to K B 8
(becomes a Kt)
2. R takes P (ch)
3. Kt mates

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 147.

1. Q to K R square
2. Kt to K B 7 (ch)
3. R mates

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—6 to 1 agst Count F. Lagrange's *Fille de l'Air* (off); 13 to 2 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's *Paris* (t); 7 to 1 agst Captain White's *Cambuscan* (off).

DERBY.—11 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's *Scottish Chief* (off); 100 to 8 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's *Paris* (t); 100 to 7 agst Captain White's *Cambuscan* (t and off); 100 to 6 agst Mr. L'Anson's *Blair Athol* (t); 100 to 6 agst Lord St. Vincent's *Forager* (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. F. Higgins's *Coup d'Etat* (t); 28 to 1 agst Mr. F. Johnstone's *Ursorian* (t); 1,000 to 30 agst Lord Westmoreland's *Birch Broom* (t); 1,000 to 30 agst Mr. Naylor's *Appenine* (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Bowser's *Caremont* (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. Naylor's *Fitz-Adine* (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. Bryan's *Corse Marine* (t); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. J. Day's *The Count* (t); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. G. Oates's *King John* (t).

THE LOSS OF THE FRENCH MAIL PACKET *ATLAS*.—The French mail steamer *Atlas*, which left Marseilles on the 4th of December, and is supposed to have been lost during the fearful weather which then prevailed, had, it is reported, more than 100 persons on board, eighty of them being passengers. It is stated that she had also about two millions of francs worth of different wares shipped in her. Not the least tidings have been heard of her since she left Marseilles.

**POLICE COURTS
MANSION HOUSE.**

GUILDHALL

WESTMINSTER.

OLERKENWELL.

MARYLEKRONTE

WORSHIP-STREET.

TEAMES

SOUTHWARK.

WANDSWORTH.

CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN ABOUT TO MARRY—A young man, named John Nightingale, who was described as a shirt-dresser, without home, was charged before Mr. Dayman with running away and leaving his wife and four children chargeable to the parish of Battersea. It appeared that the prisoner left his family to go to Leeds in search of work, but he failed to supply them with any means, and the parish officers had expended £26 in their maintenance. He was apprehended at the Wandsworth Union, to which place he went to inquire about his family. He was afterwards bailed out, and an opportunity given him to make an arrangement, but he failed to appear before the guardians, or to remove his family from the workhouse. It also appeared that the family had received relief before, during his absence in search of work. The prisoner's excuse for not attending before the board was, that he could not walk to the workhouse, on account of a bad leg, and he had not the means of riding. Mr. Murphy (the relieving officer): He is allowed 10s a week from his club while he is on the living in search of work. Prisoner: 10s a week is not much when waiting from one town to another. When the rent is paid and the expenses for living, there is not much left. Mr. Dayman: There are many families who live on less; but it is like your class, you are in haste to get married before you have made any provision to support a family. You marry the ratepayers have to support your children. You fall out of work, the ratepayers have to support your children. Prisoner: I want to look after my wife. Mr. Dayman: It is your duty to stick by your family. You can't expect to live so comfortably together when you are out of work, but you ought to remain with your family, and give the parish the benefit of your labour. Prisoner: I am willing to pay the expense, if the parish will give me time. Mr. Dayman then ordered him to be imprisoned for fourteen days, and told him it would be repeated until he made provision for his family.



DEATH OF COLONEL FINNIS ON THE PARADE GROUND AT MEERUT.

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

STILL ON THE BRINK.

THE 3—th settled as easy as bankruptcy down at Lucknow. In fact, if ever a move can be by any means a calm and collected act, it is when it takes the shape of an Indian regiment changing from station to station. Everybody in uniform "does it" so often that the whole business is reduced to a science. Take Mrs. Captain Smith (5—th) for instance, who is at a station called Jam Sahib, while Mrs. Captain Jones (of the gallant 4—th), is stationed at Futtyghoe. The regiment of each lady is going to the station of the other. Very well, then, the arrangement is the simplest matter in the world, in India. Mrs. O. Jones takes Mrs. O. Brown's house, and Mrs. F. the other lady's, and there is an end of the matter. It is true that, under these circumstances, the houses in question are not very finely furnished, for it would be hard indeed to buy easy chairs and sofas for other people to use; but there is a quality of comfort and a jolly makeshift about them which compensate for a good deal. And though Miss P. R. Sice might raise her eyebrows at the drawing-room, it does very well for the "boys" to play "pasteboards," and drink their "stuffs" in.

Again, it might be urged that this mode of fitting must be totally destructive of anything like home; and the force of the objection must be admitted, if a home is constituted of any particular four brick walls. But, happily, men carry their homes in their hearts, and so it happens that any pity bestowed upon this panoramic style of living is quite thrown away.

Mrs. Colonel O'Gog, for instance, was at home in her new bungalow in three minutes and a half; for, having taken a survey of the premises, looked in the glass, sat in the widest chair in the drawing-room, and had a small glass of water and something in it, she went over to Sir Clive's quarters, and felt, just like a doctor, the pulse of Lady St. Maur.

"Badad!—she's no better," said she.

"Hey! but me leddy's no worse," said Jessie, in that cautious voice which only comes from the other side of the Tweed.

"And that's because she can't be ut," replied Mrs. O'Gog, in those quiet accents which belong to the land of the Liffey.

It was quite true that Lota was no better, and quite true she could be no worse.

You have, perhaps, seen a very calm child asleep? If so, you can comprehend the meaning of what is said. She slept as calmly and as peacefully as a healthy child. She was fed wholly upon milk, and so little was the wear and tear of life consequent upon the quiet condition of this, her sleeping state, that the few draughts of milk that were conveyed by surgical aid down her throat each day were quite sufficient not only to sustain life, but even to main-

tain the face in all its original roundness and health. Nay, if anything, her beauty increased during this time of living death.

As for Jessie, she took up her position by the side of her lady's bed, and on no account would she quit it. One of the consequences of this determination—made in order to guard her lady against Jessie's old enemy, Vengha,—one of the consequences of Jessie's determination was that the boy Arthur fell more under the control of Vengha, of whom the little fellow had no fear whatever. He would say, in the baby language,—which every kind-hearted man learns without a book or without having a baby-boy of his own,— "Me ab mammy, and papa, and Jetty, and Vengha;" and he was almost as willing to hold up his little lips and kiss "Vengha" as he was ready to salute his mother or "Jetty."

Two days were past since the men of the 3—th had marched into Lucknow, so grumpy and tired that they looked like worn-out dust-contractors, and still Lota remained as she had now been for days.

All the doctors at the station came and consulted with each other concerning Lota, and each had his opinion as to the cause of her stupor. They contradicted each other frightfully, but neither one did her any good. There she still lay, her soul still within the body, and yet unable to animate it.

Take Dr. T. Waddle, for instance. He said, "The comatose state of the animal vitality plainly proves that there is physical abnormality in some direction; but whence this unhealthiness arises, or whither it tends, it is without my province to pronounce upon. It is one of those cases where the physician finds himself baffled by the unusual and the profound."

Well, this remark was well enough in its way; but, after all, it was only saying in another shape that the sleepiness was not usual—that something was wrong somewhere—and that how it began, or where it would end, Dr. Waddle knew no more than he knew of anything about the case.

Any man, not being a doctor, could have committed himself, and safely, to a similar remark to Waddle's.

Dr. Phil Effingham wore himself thin over the case of Lady St. Maur.

"Confound it, sir!" he would perhaps say to anybody who questioned him upon the subject; and he would be sure to add, "There must be some means of rousing her. Nature only wants to be roused. How the deuce is it to be done? I confess, my dear fellow, I know nothing of the case. I feel almost inclined to knock my thick head against a wall!"

"What do you think caused it?" the inquirer would be almost sure to say, or use words to the same effect.

"There, you know," Phil would answer—"there, you know, the difficulty begins. It came on so suddenly that I might be justified in supposing that foul play had something to do with it. But no known poison, or at least any poison that I know, would have the power to maintain its effect over such a length of time as that through which Lady Clive has lain insensible. Either she would have conquered the poison, or the poison her. Yet, in defiance of rule, there the poor child lies, neither in life nor death. Tell you—can't make it out. Grant that she had an enemy who sought her life, and an enemy who used poison, the question suggests itself, why was not life wholly taken? Accepting the poison theory, I can only come to the conclusion that the poisoner desired to take life only for a time, and under those circumstances I am pretty sure only the poisoner himself can play the part of a successful doctor."

"But," said a brother practitioner on one occasion, "you talk unscientifically. It is perfectly well known that the action of poison is either to kill or to wear itself out."

"True," replied Effingham, "according to our experience. But what if she has been poisoned by an Indian? I know these people enough to be sure they are cruel, and remorseless, and learned. What if they know more of poisons than we do? What if they can poison for a time, or remove the action of poison at their own will?"

"Bah!" said the brother practitioner, who, in fact, was Dr. T. Waddle.

But talk of her, or not talk of her, Lota remained ever insensible, and wholly dead but for a calm, noiseless breathing, which, in itself, was awful in its almost silence.

Meanwhile, as we must eat in order to live, and as the 3—th had no idea of dying because Lady Clive was apparently near death's door, the mess dinner took place regularly, and as regularly as it came round the doctors were led into discussion upon Lota's case. In fact, young Esquire Poppo during those few days at the beginning of May found it fun to set the doctors by their "long ears," as he himself said; and it must be confessed that the "docs," which is short for medical men, or doctors, could not agree upon one point of the case for as many minutes.

Poppo said "that was quite right; for how could you expect two fellows to be on the same point at once. It was like mathematics," added Poppo; "two things couldn't be in the same place at the same time."

"Oh, can't they?" said Swellingby—another ensign, and Poppo's great rival in all matters of wit and of brandy pawneering. The two fellows drank enough together in a week to swim in, or nearly.

"Oh, can't they—not when they're nothings?"

"You're a fool," said Poppo.

"You ain't no judge, Lord knows," says Swellingby, who only some few months before was open to a birch at his military training-school, where they trained up the child in the way he should go, by never sparing the rod, and by laying it on thick.

"Well," said Poppo—(his real name was Owen Gwydr, a Welsh lad, as peppery as a cruel stand; but he was always called Poppo)—"well, if you ain't a fool, tell us this: 'Why's a blow from the very strongest of prize-fighters like a very big pinch of the strongest pulverized tobacco?'"

"I don't see it," said Swellingby.

"Nobody ever expected you to see anything except a brandy bottle!"

"Hem!" said Swellingby; "you like a glass when you can see yourself in it?"

"D'ye give it up?" asks Poppo.

"What?" inquires Swellingby, who all this time is trying for an answer to the conundrum.

"Oh, not the glass, the riddle. So you give it up. Why, because it's (e)nuuf to knock you down. Why, he don't see it now," young Poppo continued with ineffable disgust.

"I never see double," said Swellingby; "and that's more than you can say."

"Look here, Tom," says Poppo; "if you don't leave off talking, I'll chuck this mango slap into your peeper. What do you say to that?"

"And you'll get—"

Here the voice of Colonel O'Gog is heard in rebuke.

"Silence, me boys down there, and don't be interrupting

the harmony, unless ye want sending to bed, which it's my impression it's time ye was."

Thereupon Poppa and Swellingby held their tongues. Any reference to their teens generally made them fix up the shutters and draw down the blinds.

But the colonel was wrong when he said that the boys were interrupting the harmony of the mess-room. Harmony there was not. Apart from the fact that the doctors had been set upon one another, and had worried each other more scientifically than ever, a new cause of dispute had arisen.

It has been said that even after the mutiny had broken out there were many officers in the disaffected districts who clung to their belief in the fidelity of their men, while few anticipated the worst. The 3—th was not singular in this respect. And it was the colonel himself who led the way in the adhesion of the officers of the 3—th in their belief that the Indians were faithful. It was on this very night that O'Gogarty had the temerity to commit himself in the following conversation; and the word temerity is used because it should not be forgotten that at this conversation many Indian servants were present—for in India each man is attended by his own servant—and it is impossible to avoid the conviction that every mess-room had its spies, seeing that nearly every house had its watcher. True, the Indians do not speak much English, but they may be able to make out the sense of a conversation. It certainly behoved the commanding officers to express themselves most cautiously upon any chances of an insurrection, immediately the faintest and earliest rumours of disaffection spread. Colonel O'Gogarty's best excuse, which, however, he never made for himself as an excuse, showed that he was not a cautious man.

Said he: "Sepoys not faithful? Bedad, sir, I'd look down the barrels o' any one o' their fire-arms and I'd not be afraid, and I'd even sit down on the top o' one o' them same, if the thing was to be done, and then I'd not be afraid o' the consequences."

Said Phil Effingham: "O'Gog"—for they were very mess-room familiar in the old John Company days—"O'Gog, I can't join in with you. I've known the Indians for seven years, and I'm pretty sure that if they had a chance they wouldn't lose it."

"Bedad! on somebody's back, if I'd my will," said the colonel, looking at Poppa, who, however, was so full of a good idea, that he passed the insinuation on in the shape of a wink at Swellingby, and said, "Eff expects the mutiny to break out amongst them women soldiers—what ye call 'ems?—Amazonas, that mount guard over the Nizam's harem; and, I say, colonel," said the youngster, his eyes brightening in a knowing manner, "you wouldn't have our men fight the women. We should all be gone ooons, and they would have our colours to make petticoats off. I couldn't pot (a) at a woman!" (b).

Ensign Poppa's little remark was met with so much applause, that Swellingby felt himself snuffed out for the night.

"What do ye say to the boy?" asked the colonel. Now it is few kind-hearted men who, when they are laughed at by a large number, are in a condition to say anything at all, and these were just the conditions under which Phil laboured.

"Well, said Phil, awkwardly, "I still stick to what I said."

"Oh!" said Poppa, who was like an American clock in this—that the moment he was wound up, he made a noise of some kind, more or less extraordinary, till he had run down again,—"oh! Then you're cleverer than your plaster, for that never sticks at all."

"Look here, Poppa," said Effingham; "the next time you want a cooler, I should advise you not to come to me."

"Well, you need not fling cold water on a fellow like that, Eff."

And here it is just possible that O'Gogarty, who was a sharp, clever man in his way, saw the wisdom of handling Phil Effingham a little less roughly.

"Poppa!" said he.

"Sir to you, colonel," the youngster remarked.

"Silence!"

The boy made no reply.

"Do you hear, sir?"

No reply.

"Ensign Gwydr, do you hear?"

Whereupon Poppa made a sign, took out his pocket-book, and wrote:—

—it restored good temper. Phil took the paper from the colonel, and a queer smile came over his face.

"It's impossible to be in a rage with Poppa long—ain't it, Poppa?"

But the ensign was not to be caught. He had got the colonel in a vice, and he kept him there, chaffing the poor old Irish gentleman without uttering a word, by assuming a military rigidity, by pouring out a glass of wine as a kind of ration, and by pretending to be about speaking, and then suddenly stopping himself with mock anxiety.

Poor lad, he little thought how soon he would be called on to play a big part in the history of the English in India.

"Well, tell us where you do think a mutiny could break out, Effingham?"

Said Phil: "I mistrust the Punjab, and especially Lahore; and that's the truth. To use a common phrase, I say that the Sikhs may be subdued; but I, for one, don't believe they are conquered." (c).

(c) THE CITY OF LAHORE.—When the Indian mutiny first broke out, great apprehension for the safety of the Punjab was created. It was thought that the warlike and "turbulent" Sikhs—whose territory had so lately been added to our empire, after a contest which we found very troublesome, to say the least of it—would be among the first to add fuel to the fire. It was known, too, that our officers in the Punjab could oppose no effectual resistance to an outbreak: the few British troops would have been massacred to a man; while, as for the reconquest of the country, distant would have been the day when we could have boasted of any material success against the rebels. If the Sikhs had been enraged against us, and not in our behalf. How the misfortunes which would have resulted from the disaffection of the Punjab were averted by the wisdom and vigour of Sir John Lawrence and Mr. Montgomery, will have to be described. Enough here that in the first place the fort and city of Lahore, at one time in imminent danger of being given up to rebellion, was preserved; and that afterwards the whole surrounding country was pacified; and not only pacified, but turned to good account, in furnishing brave and loyal soldiers for duty in the revolted districts. Captain Bothney and his gallant regiment, the 4th Sikhs, were the means of saving Lahore from utter destruction. They were on their way down to Delhi in June, when they came to



AMAZONS OF HYDERABAD.—GUARD OF THE HAREM.

"Sure, they've always had the chance they've got now; and so why should ye fear an outbreak now more than at any time?" asked the colonel.

"They only want a sterling leader, and it will be hot work if ever they find him."

"Sure, that'll be because we shall send him to a place I'll not be the one to name," said the colonel.

This flaming joke was echoed by seven-eighths of the men present, almost the whole of the other eighth not joining in simply because they were either eating dessert, drinking, or thinking of their own affairs.

Phil Effingham had, then, to submit to that roasting to which every species of minority has to submit. You may notice, in the streets, that it is always the littlest man who gets the highest number of pushes and elbowings; while, as for the smallest street-boys, they can hardly call their lives their own. The world can't help it. In a law-court, with all their wisdom, they will believe four good witnesses in preference to one who is a superlative witness; so how can you expect the outer world to be any better? Try it yourself, if you think otherwise; and, unless you are a man with brains enough for a score, if twenty people oppose your own opinion, you won't believe in it so firmly as you did before the opposition.

"Tis the way of the world; and, as it is a big one, if you attempt to stop it, you will get scratched against the wall—like lots of others. If you do stop the way of the world, you are one of a very few clever fellows; and, even in their cases, it is just possible they get the r ways, not so much because of theirs being the right ones, as because the world is tired of its own road."

So Phil Effingham got awfully chaffed. Even little Poppa took heart of grace when he saw Phil in a minority of one.

"I say, colonel," cried he, "do you know where Eff expects the mutiny to break out?"

"This is tyranny. Ain't going to break orders. Told me, colonel, to hold my tongue. I shall do so, colonel, let the horrid consequences be what they may! Signed, Poppa."

A This caligram did what the colonel himself could not have done

(a) "Pot."—This word is of very recent introduction in the army. Mr. H. Russell, the Crimean historian, uses it in his military works. It is very significant. It means random firing, and when random firing is heard, the apportionment of the word "potting" is at once evident. It need not be said that such expressions as "potting your enemy" and "potted opposite," are now sufficiently common. Any person who has frequented Woolwich or other garrison towns will bear us out in the assertion that the sound of chance firing is "pot," as distinctly as the lifeless mouth of a rifle can be expected to say it.

(b) THE HYDERABAD REGIMENT OF AMAZONS.—The engraving is from a sketch by Prince Seltykoff, and represents the Amazonians who guard the harem within the palace of Hyderabad. "On visiting the private gardens of the palace of the Nizam," says the prince, "we were received with military honours by three young female soldiers. The extreme youth and delicate appearance of these interesting warriors at once attracted attention. They wore red cloth hats, trimmed with gold lace and mounted with a green-coloured plume, red tunics, and green trousers. Their long black hair was twisted into a knot, which hung down over the collar of their tunics. They were regularly armed with a musket with bayonet affixed; and such was their martial appearance that but for their long hair and the fineness of their bosoms I should not have recognised their sex. From the Prime Minister of the Nizam I obtained permission to make a sketch of these Amazons, and he was good enough to summon a detachment of them to one of the inner courts of the palace that I might make my drawing without interruption." Hyderabad itself is a city of some extent, being upwards of four miles in length by three miles in width. The principal buildings are narrow, and in general are irregularly laid out. The streets are the Nizam's palace, the "four minarets," and numerous other mosques. The whole city is surrounded by a stone wall about forty feet high and ten feet thick. Trees are planted in almost every street—especially round the mosques—and give the city a very cheerful appearance.

Jullender. The brigadier hurried them off to Fitor, lest their presence should make the sepoy regiments uneasy. The Sikhs went on their way and the regiments in question mutinied the next day, and attacked them at Fitor. Another infantry regiment stationed there turned against them, but Bothney held them at bay until his ammunition was expended. When they crossed the Sutlej to Ludiana. They were joined by all the bad-mashas (Anglice, scoundrels) in the city and those jackals, the Kashmiris, began to plunder right and left. Muhammad Hassan Khan, who distinguished himself so much at Cabul, under Colin Mackenzie, barricaded his house, took up arms with his followers, and joined the deputy commissioner, Mr. Ricketts, who called in some of the petty rajahs in the district, and did their best to save the city and cantonment from utter destruction. One of the Afghan princes protected the native Christians in his own house. In the evening, Bothney's Sikhs came up, and thrashed the mutineers in spite of overpowering numbers. They scoured the country, cutting up all mutineers they could catch, and hanging the Kashmiri plunderers, as they themselves express it, *beh-gusta-gu*, "without any dialogue." Bothney and his Sikhs, having cleared Lahore, went on to Delhi, and were the first reinforcements which the beleaguering forces received. The very day they arrived, the right of our line, including the Guides, were in imminent danger of being cut off, being very hard pressed, and their ammunition exhausted. "The Sikhs came up with a yell—they had plenty of ammunition, and with their assistance the enemy were driven back." On another occasion the mutineers from the city came upon a party of Sikhs cooking. The former threw aside their arms, and cried, "Come to us, we are your brothers." The Sikhs said nothing but when the mutineers came up, killed every one. What makes the fidelity of these men the more remarkable is that the Hindostanis of the regiment turned traitors on arriving at Delhi, and, in spite of their previous good behaviour, in one of the first actions they fired upon their native officers. Lahore—the capital of the district from whence our Sikh friends are enlisted—is a large walled city, situated on the south bank of the Ravee. The streets are narrow, and the houses, though lofty, are generally mean. It has, however, some remarkable buildings. The mausoleum of Jehangire is magnificent, and in good preservation; and there is another handsome tomb that of Noor Jehan Begum, on the south side of the city. There are numerous mosques, the domes and minarets of which give the city at a distance an imposing appearance, which is not altogether confirmed by nearer inspection. The population is stated to amount to 90,000. Under the Mogul emperors the city was of much

Now here Phil was wrong; for the Sikhs rendered good service, for the greater part, throughout the war.

"Well, we shall see what we shall see," said the colonel, in a half-bantering tone. "But, for my part, whoever may show unfaithfulness to the British crown, I don't believe it of the niggers."

Here there was a crash of broken glass.

"What the deuce is the matter?" asked O'Gogarty.

"Sahib," said a tall, superior-looking Indian, "by accident I overthrew this sword into a tray of glasses."

"Hullo, Mahmood! I didn't know you could speak English so well as it seems you do."

The Indian bowed low, and continuing his bow till his hand reached the ground, it might have been believed by a clear-headed, watchful looker-on that he commingled a bow with a stoop to pick up the fallen sword, and so made the salutation contemptuous.

Here, then, was an evidence of what the native could be capable. Here, then, was a man supposed to be ignorant of English, and comprehending a conversation which was certainly not intended for the Indian ear. He had heard the Indians called niggers—that most unhappy and equally degrading appellation, which was most unjustly applied to the high caste Indian, who is a really high intellectual being. What if he were a spy; and what if a sudden rage at that word had thrown him off his guard? What if he felt inclined to kill himself from having betrayed his trust in having, on the foolish impulse of the moment, warned those English called under his watchfulness that he could watch?

But he said naught.

He collected the broken glass, and carried it from the room calmly, and after the manner of the table servant he professed to be.

What if in every mess-room—in every English household in Bengal—there were a similar spy; so that the heads of the approaching mutiny could ponder upon where it was safest to attack, owing to English confidence—where it was wisest still to bend, because the white race were prepared with hand on sword?

That struggle in India has now passed away, and a better state of things is being gradually brought about. As gradually we are learning the history of the preparations which were made throughout India, and when we remember the awful excesses which in other lands and times have followed similar conspiracies of the larger masses against the dominant, but smaller, we marvel that the Indian outbreak was comparatively a defeat from its very commencement. The English cannot live in India without the aid of Indians. This the Indians well knew; and, therefore, with that knowledge and commencement of revolution before them, it is saying much in favour of the Indian character that we were not exterminated from, and driven to reconquer India. Undoubtedly, much was due to the superlative genius of a group of great generals, who have now almost wholly passed to their high account; but, nevertheless, much loving and brotherly credit must be given to the Indian Hindoo and Indian Mussulman that, as a rule, and India through, he helped in that trouble, which he had the power of enhancing, even to the very death. One black sheep in a crowded flock does not darken all the rest; and as one sheep is to a large flock, so were the Indian monsters who slew children and women to the numbers who continued to deal gently with the first, and did not cease to call the latter "mahm sahib."

But to return to the mess-room.

Phil had come in for a banter again, because he said that they had had an evidence of what secret powers the Indians might use, in the fact of a man whom they supposed ignorant of the English language having heard a conversation which was intended for English ears alone.

In the midst of the discussion, and through the open windows, and which faced the trees, came a vast tumult of cries.

"What the deuce is that?" asked the colonel.

Nobody replied; all were listening.

Again that sound; something jubilant in it was heard.

"Why what on earth can it be?" asked the colonel.

"Sahib," said the servant who had broken the tray of glass, "it may be that the niggers have heard good news, and are rejoicing over it."

Very low were these words said—very low; but there was that intensity in them which might have suggested the hissing of the serpent. Again—they were ambiguous.

But the double meaning of those words—their intensity—were marked only by one man. Before the outbreak, few Englishmen took note of the tones of the Indian's voice. Who fears the snarl of a caged tiger or a chained dog? Barely even a little child.

"How the deuce do you know that, sir?" asked the colonel, petulant from four distinct causes—too much dinner, too much brandy-pawnee, too much discussion, and too much impatience under the three previous difficulties.

"Sahib," said the man, bowing—and if ever a man made a bow look like a preparation to spring, this was the individual—"Sahib," he said, "I did not declare the blacks had heard good news. I said, it might be they had."

Then he bowed lower. This time the bow was like a prostration. And, perhaps, in the spirit he had fallen in adoration before the approaching Silva.

He saw Effingham watching him. But though he was the doctor, the man who has more real power over the Indian than any other Englishman, he was but one, and the Indian feared him little.

"By Jove," thought Effingham, "if it was any use writing to the Muddleheads (a) they would get a letter from me. As it is, I'll save the postage. But if I had a child in India, I'd hurry him out of it before the earthquake begins, or I should look upon myself as a murderer before the massacre."

And here the distant cries from the town once more vexed the evening air.

"It's nothing," said the colonel; "jest nothing."

"God help it may be!" thought Phil.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE.

PERHAPS it was the thought on the part of Phil Effingham, that if he had a son he would get him out of India, which made him speak of little Arthur to Sir Olive St. Maur.

This he did the next morning.

"The boy's not well," said he.

"Indeed, Olive! What ails him?"

"Oh, what ails most children in India—India itself."

"Why, you don't mean to say the boy is sickening?"

"I tell you, Olive, India is dangerous to the boy."

Still, nevertheless, the child looked well. St. Maur had no idea of the double meaning of the words. He accepted them as an assertion, pure and simple, that the boy was unwell—an assertion which the appearance of the child belied.

"Confounded nonsense," said St. Maur, raising his sword on to his arm. "The boy's well enough. I'm going to parade."

greater extent than at present. In 1748 it fell into the hands of Ahmed Shah: in 1798 Runjeet Singh became governor or rajah. After the final defeat of the Sikhs in 1849, the city was taken possession of by the British.

(c) MIDDLEHEADS.—According to the military non-printed directory, the Middleheads are a large family in India, and have addresses all over that continent—in other words, the Middleheads are (or were) the whole of the gendarmes engaged in the Civil Indian Service. Fire and water will not meet without a row, and neither would the red and black—in other words, military and civil—in India, without something like *rouge et noir* being played. All the blacks would get a one end of the room, and all the reds the other, and that's the way an official kind of ball is (or was) played out in India. Was it not cheerful?

But after the parade was over he came back to Phil again.

"I say, Phil," he said, "really now is the boy ill?"

"On my word, St. Maur, I'd get him out of India."

"I'll think of it," said St. Maur.

"Don't think over it—send him away."

"Bosh!" said the captain baronet. "I'm off for a canter—will you join?"

"No," said Phil in a short, sharp, but not unkind way.

When the canter was over, back St. Maur came.

"I say, Phil, would you really send the boy away?"

"Yes, I would."

"Well, in a week or two."

"You mayn't have such a chance as you've got to-night."

"To-night! No, hang it! I'll not send the boy away till Lotty comes round."

"Better to hear of him in safety, Olivey, than to see him in danger."

"Confound it, Phil! what a way you've got of putting things to a fellow! You regularly master me—upon my life, you do! There—the boy shall go to-night. Do as you like!"

In a moment Phil was all alive—for, to confess the truth, he had fallen in love, as a man will fall in love, with a little child—he was head over ears in love with little Arthur.

Within an hour—for your travelling in India is army-like in its swiftness of removal—within an hour the boy was starting south-west for Calcutta, in the care of Captain and Mrs. Gordon, the former going home upon sick-leave.

"Thank God!" said Effingham, as he saw the start of the procession; nor did he care for the moody looks the father cast upon him, as though he looked upon the doctor as the cause of that departure.

He was the cause, and he was heartily glad to be it.

"You've got your way, Eff."

"Yes," he said; adding lowly—"thank God!"

"Thank Brahma!" said Vengha, who was busying herself near them.

But within an hour, when she was wanted to attend to some office about her mistress, she could not be found.

Throughout that night she remained absent: the next morning her face was not to be seen darkening the bungalow.

A little wonderment was expressed during the day; and, as the evening approached, inquiries began to be made.

But, so far, none of the white race knew that Vengha had thrown down her assumed allegiance to the English family in which she had lived so long.

The next morning there came a packet for the Sahib St. Maur.

Opened, there was found an ordinary English medicine-bottle, full of an ordinary-looking dull liquid, apparently thickened.

About it was wrapped a paper, on which were these badly written English words:—

"If the Sahib St. Maur would restore his wife to knowledge of himself, let him hourly give Lota six falling drops of this water of new life. The giver is one who pities her."

This phial, need it be said, soon found its way to Phil.

The conviction it led to with him was this: that it was veritably an antidote to a lasting poison, and that it was offered by the hand that had given the substance that had destroyed Lady St. Maur's mind.

He would have been ashamed to advance such an opinion to a medical congress, who laugh at persistent poisons, and immediate antidotes; but, happily, he had only his own opinion to consult, and he consulted it.

He determined to use the medicine. But who had sent it? He would see Vengha.

He asked for the Indian woman, and then it was that he learned that Vengha had disappeared.

"What's the matter, Phil?" asked St. Olive.

"Nothing."

"You started."

"Did I? Won't again. I think I'll use the medicine, if you'll let me."

"As you will, Phil. My wife's life is in your keeping."

Phil was sure the liquid was no poison—he felt the Indian cunning mind would know he would test it, and that such an attempt would fail. He felt sure that the liquor was safe; yet he took precautions.

A small tame bear, a dog, a serpent, and a parrot, were all forced to swallow a larger portion of the medicine than that directed to be given to Lota. It had no bad effect on them; on the contrary, it appeared to increase their vitality.

Then, without trembling, he tried the drug upon the ever-sleeping Lota. Mrs. O'Gog was present, and she trembled, you may be sure.

And now followed an awful sight, lasting days over days. Imagine a resurrection, and you can comprehend the horror and hope of watching Lota, day after day, return to life. Have you seen a solemn-faced human being wake slowly from a deep sleep? Yes? Then imagine the solemnity of that sight stretched over days.

Conceive the horror and the hope of seeing, first, the eye-lids quiver, and then, after another long day's waiting, to mark the eyes gradually and so feebly opening, that it is another day before they are even half open.

Let me, the chronicler, pass over that tenth week. I dread to describe it, even as weakly as I should be able.

Imagine the seventh day.

The colonel himself was there, the colonelless, St. Maur, Dr. Phil, and the attendants.

Phil, beyond the ordinary dose of the unknown medicine, had given the lady a powerful restorative.

It acted, and then she appeared suddenly to grasp the senses which nature had so reluctantly yielded to her.

I pass by the agony of that meeting.

I must come to the action which bears upon this terrible tale.

"Where is Arthur?" she asked, as she lay in her husband's arms.

He looked accusatively at Olive, as though saying, "It is your work that her child is not here."

"He is quite well," said St. Maur.

"And safe?" she asked, greedily.

"Safe my dear, of course!" said Olive.

"How long have I been ill?"

"A long while."

"Oh, heavens! What is the day of the month?"

But before her husband could reply, the door was almost, as it were, broken open, and young Ensign Poppe, as they called him, stood, white and trembling, in the room.

He did not look at all.

"What's it?" asked the colonelless, who always led, even in the regiment, when it was off the parade ground.

"You remember Fennis, colonelless?"

"Bedad, yes—of the 20th!"

"Shot!" (b)

(b) THE DEATH OF COLONEL FENNIS.—The death of Colonel Fennis will have an historical significance, since it was the signal of the decisive revolt of the Bengal army. The best account says:—"The 20th Native Infantry and 3rd Light Cavalry rushed from their lines, armed and furious; the former regiment firing off their muskets, approaching the 11th Native Infantry, and calling upon them to arm, come out, and join them. The 11th hesitated at first—cause unknown; but presently they, too, armed and rushed out, and the mutinous fuel took flame. About this time, Colonel Fennis and several other officers of the 11th Native Infantry came upon the parade, and commenced haranguing the sepoys, attempting to pacify them and bring them to order, when the colonel's horse was wounded by a bullet fired from the 20th. On this he saw that the matter was more serious than he had wished to believe; and one of his officers inquiring if he should ride off to the brigade-major for aid, and give the alarm, Colonel Fennis con-

"Shot?"

"By—by whom?" cried Lota, clasping his hands.

"His regiment mutinied!"

"TOO LATE—TOO LATE!" she cried, and fell back apparently dead.

Phil started—he saw more in her words and act than any other there.

Nay, he dreaded her!

"Is she dead?" asked St. Maur, in a low, earnest tone.

"No," said the doctor; "she has but fainted."

Then he added in thought, "I WOULD SHE WERE DEAD!"

For, prepared to learn her secret, he had learnt it.

(To be continued in our next)

sented. This is the last time he was seen alive by European eyes: for immediately afterwards he was shot in the back by a sepoy of the 20th, fell from his horse, and was actually riddled with balls. Colonel Fennis died in his 54th year, having spent thirty-two years in active service. He was at the siege and capture of Mooltan, among other affairs, and was several times employed on important missions. The colonel was the last surviving brother of a late Lord Mayor of London, and the third who fell in the service of his country. The elder brother, Robert, a captain in the navy, was killed in an engagement on Lake Erie, in 1813; and another, Stephen, a lieutenant in the Bengal Native Infantry, fell in India in 1822.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.—At a meeting of the Nottingham Town Council, the mayor (Mr. W. Parsons) said he had received a letter from the National Shakespeare Committee soliciting the co-operation of Nottingham in the erection of a monument in London to celebrate the three-hundredth birthday of Shakespeare on the 23rd of April, 1864. While he was anxious to do every honour to the memory of the great poet, he did not think it would be wise, in the present aspect of local affairs, to aid the National Committee with funds, but he would suggest that they should found a scholarship in the Nottingham Free Grammar School in commemoration of the tercentenary. A new grammar school was about to be built in Nottingham at a cost of £6,000, and he thought the scholarship, which would be worth about £60 or £70 per annum, would stimulate the students, and when any evinced a precocity of talent it could be fostered, and ultimately sent to one of the universities. After some further discussion, Mr. Alderman Birkin (ex-mayor) proposed "That a committee be appointed to take steps for raising funds to establish a scholarship, to be called 'the Shakespeare Scholarship,' in connexion with the Nottingham Grammar School, and to define the conditions by which such scholarship shall be granted to commemorate the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth." The motion was carried.

AGES OF THE NOBILITY, &c.—We find from "Who's Who in 1864," that the oldest duke is the Duke of Cleveland, aged 75; the youngest, the Duke of Norfolk, aged 16; the oldest marquis, the Marquis of Westmeath, aged 78; the youngest, the Marquis of Ely, aged 14; the oldest earl (since the death of the Earl of Charlemont, on 26th December, aged 88) is the Earl of Stair, aged 87; the youngest the Earl of Charleville, aged 11; the oldest viscount, Viscount Combermere, aged 90; the youngest, Viscount Down, aged 19; the oldest baron is Lord Brougham, aged 85; the youngest, Lord Rosmore, aged 12; the oldest member of the Privy Council is Viscount Combermere, aged 90; the youngest, the Prince of Wales, aged 22; the oldest member of the House of Commons is General Hon. Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, member for Kincardineshire, aged 84; the youngest is Hon. Charles R. D. H. Tracy, member for Montgomery, aged 23; the oldest judge in England is the Right Hon. Stephen Lushington, aged 81; the youngest, Sir James F. Wilde, aged 47; the oldest judge in Ireland is Chief Justice Lefroy, aged 87; the youngest, Justice Keogh, aged 46; the oldest Scotch Lord of Session is the Lord Justice General, aged 70; the youngest, the Lord Justice Clerk, aged 53; the oldest archbishop is the Archbishop of Canterbury, aged 69; the youngest, the Archbishop of York, aged 44; the oldest bishop is the Bishop of Exeter, aged 86; the youngest, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, aged 44; the oldest colonial bishop is the Bishop of Toronto, aged 84; the youngest, the Bishop of Nassau, aged 37; the oldest baronet is Sir William W. Dalling, aged 89; the youngest, Sir George R. Sitwell, aged 3; the oldest civil or military knight is General Sir Arthur B. Clifton, aged 91; the youngest, Sir Charles T. Bright, aged 31.

A REFRACTORY CHURCH WEATHERCOCK.—About twenty years ago the church of St. Lawrence in Southampton was rebuilt, but from want of funds the spire was not erected. By great exertions made a short time since money was raised, and a spire was added, which was surmounted by a heavy vane. Soon afterwards this vane became refractory, and would not revolve, and the wind had such power over it that the stone ball in which it was inserted apparently became loose, and it was feared that unless something was done, an accident which might be serious would take place. The cost of erecting a scaffolding would be more than could be defrayed, but a working man offered to take down the vane for the sum of £10, and he was employed for the purpose. From a window in the tower he dragged up a plank, and laid it across some of the masonry, and on to this plank he raised a ladder. Through some eyelet-holes in the spire he projected wooden bars from the inside, and hung on them other ladders, fastening the bottom of one to the top of another. In a short time slender ladders were trailed all up the spire, and the workman was seen lashed to the nave, nearly two hundred feet high, cutting away the portion that caused the mischief. He was to be paid for all extras, and he informed an officer of the church that the stone ball of the spire was so loose, that repairs were necessary. That officer doubted this, and he was invited by the man to go up and examine for himself. This invitation was, however, declined, although several friends of the official offered to escort him to the church and witness his ascent. The result will be that the repairs will have to be made without a survey—a course which is somewhat irregular.

SOMETHING LIKE A CURSE.—A considerable sensation has been created in Mexico by the circulation very extensively of a printed paper headed the "Censures of the Church," declaring that any person who should presume to convert to his own use or usurp under any pretext whatsoever property belonging to the church should be "Cursed in his house and out of his house, in the city and out of the city, waking and sleeping, eating and drinking, sitting and walking; he is to be cursed in his flesh and in his bones, from the tip of his toe to the top of his head; the vengeance denounced by God against the children of iniquity is to fall upon him; his name is to be effaced from the book of the living, and not to be inscribed in the book of the just; his lot and inheritance is to be with the fratricide Cain, Dathan, and Abiram, with Ananias, with Simon Magus, and with the traitor Judas; he is to perish on the day of judgment, devoured by eternal fire, with the devil and his angels."

THE SANDRINGHAM ESTATE.—The park at Sandringham House, the sporting Norfolk residence of the Prince of Wales, now contains about sixty head of deer and a number of fine Alderney cows. The accommodation for the Prince's suite is being extended, and sleeping rooms are being built over the stables, which are in course of enlargement. A spacious mess-room is also being erected. At the principal entrance to the park are being placed the well-known "Norwich gates," which, it will be remembered, were purchased by a county subscription last spring, and presented to the Prince of Wales.

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